A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC FOR THE PEOPLE OF POWER!

SMASH!

No. 106
10th FEB. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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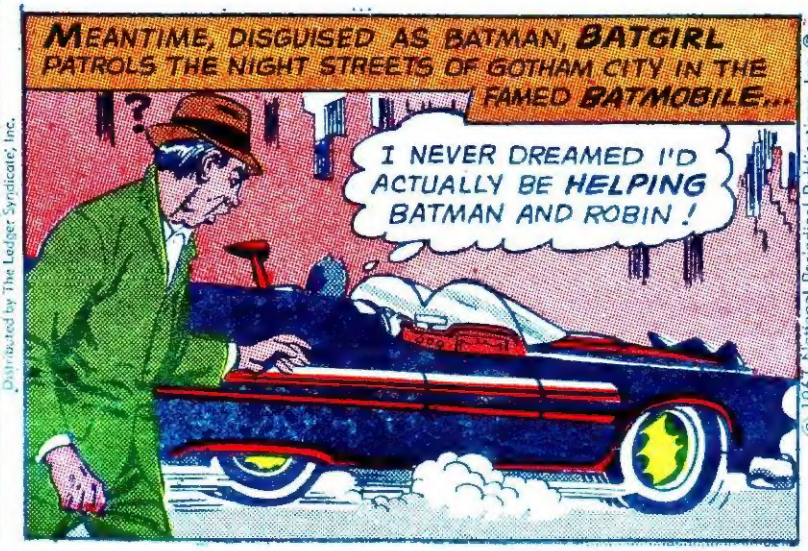

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news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

EVER caught yourself saying something you have the feeling you've said before? That's the feeling we had this a.m. "A great comic combo" we were saying. "A truly dynamic double-act!" There we were waxing lyrical in this vein . . . and then we realised! All these things we'd been saying about the GREAT merge of FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC we'd said before! . . . . when we decided to join WHAM and POW in publishing partnership. But the fact we discovered we were repeating ourselves didn't bother us at all. Why should it? BECAUSE WE FEEL JUST THE SAME WAY ABOUT THE NEW FANTASTIC AS WE DO ABOUT THE NEW POW! . . . .pleased and perky-proud!!! 'Cos the world is improving all the time (or so we hear tell) and Old Father Power is moving right along with it . . . taking two more GREAT comics and making them into one even GREATER comic! And in the case of FANTASTIC we can truly put hands on hearts and sing it aloud. . . . FANTASTIC now offers the greatest selection of TOP super-hero action of any weekly comic anywhere in THE WORLD!

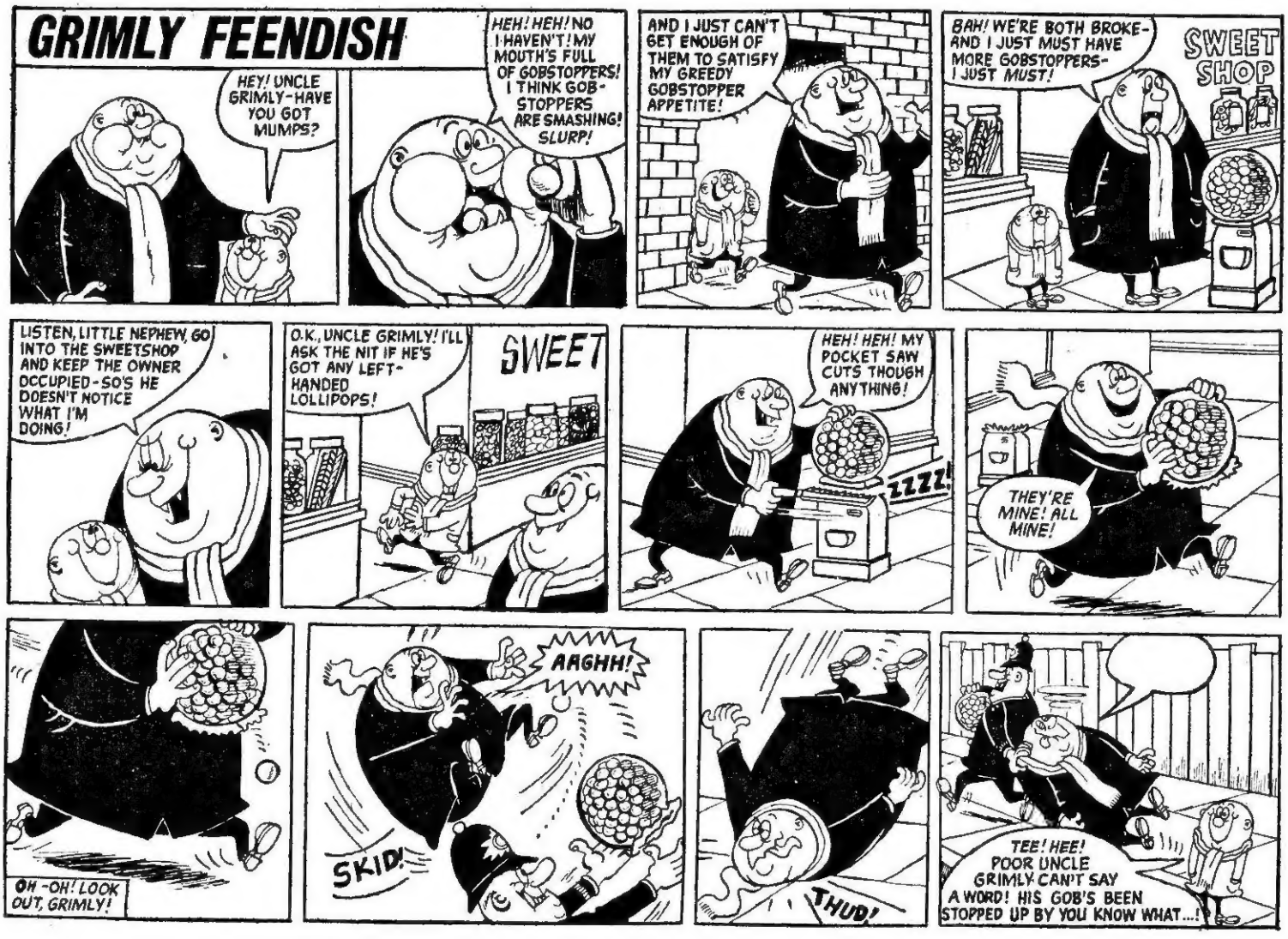
Not even the sky's the limit when it comes to dreaming up the gifts we LOVE giving you for free! Just like the "cut-away" model of the Apollo Space Capsule given away in next week's FANTASTIC. It really is the "inside story" on this wonder craft . . . the perfect space-age free gift for space-age readers of THE space-age comic! Like the man said . . . IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Andrew Crockett, Frampton Cotterell, Gloucestershire. Bruce Fillion, Kensington, London, W.8. Malcom Nobbs, Folkestone, Kent. John Rawlinson, London, N.W.11. R. W. Wilson, Taunton, Somerset. Susan Handford, Emsworth, Hants. Chris Capewell, Uttoxeter, Staffs. Clive Arkell, Botley, Oxford. Timothy Tonry, Birmingham, 34. Karen Wall, Eynsham, Oxford. Tim Treharn, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Dawn Gladwin, Essex. Arthur Pattrick, Romford, Essex. David Griffiths, Cornmarket. Francis Paxton, London, S.E.15. Dean O'Connell, Taplow, Bucks. Christine Eood, Birmingham, 33. Tommy Kerr, Sheffield, Yorks. Geraldine Pluck, Chadwell St. Mary, Essex. Stephen Pink, Gravesend, Kent.

Now, we know that you know that we here in the garret but never, never, ever string you along! Right? In fact every editorial cubbyhole has the good old Powerhouse slogan pencilled on its walls . . . to wit, "WE KID YOU NOT!" All of which preamble is just to PROVE that what we said about fellow-garretter BASHFUL BRIAN GREEN being an ace jazzband leader and player was not exaggerated in the least. Remember we told you that, competing against forty-odd bands from all over the world at this year's ZURICH JAZZ FESTIVAL, Brian and his music men romped home to a very prestigious fifth place?!! Well, they've just brought out the L.P. of a selection from the festival and there they are, in a full ten-minute track, playing one of the numbers that got them the accolades . . . "Buddy's Habit." You get the chance to hear Brian and the boys . . . and you'll see just what we mean!

GRIMLY FEENDISH



AMMO

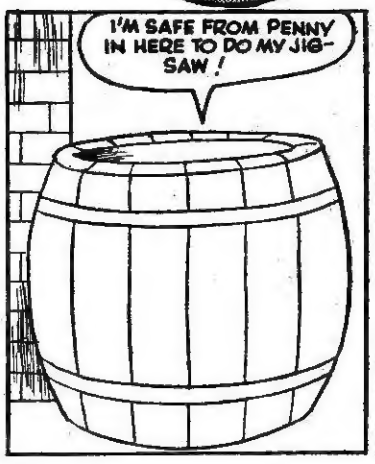
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1968

THERE! I'M GETTING ON — I'LL HAVE FINISHED THIS JIG-SAW IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!

ARGH! ME JIG-SAW!
HO! HO! IT'S DOING A JIG — I SAW IT!
BLAT!

SOPPY JIG-SAWS!

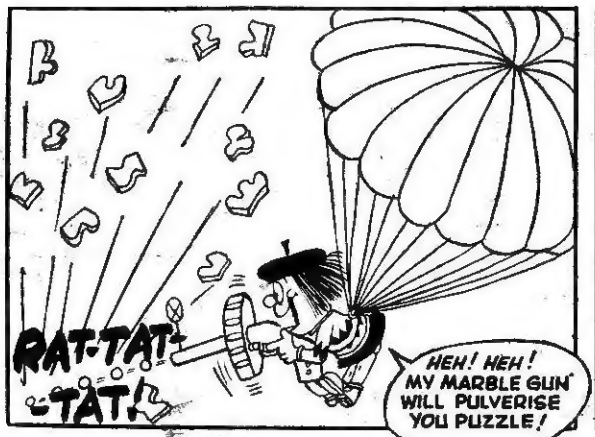

I'M SAFE FROM PENNY IN HERE TO DO MY JIG-SAW!

HEH! HEH! A WATER BUTT NEEDS WATER!
SQUIRT!

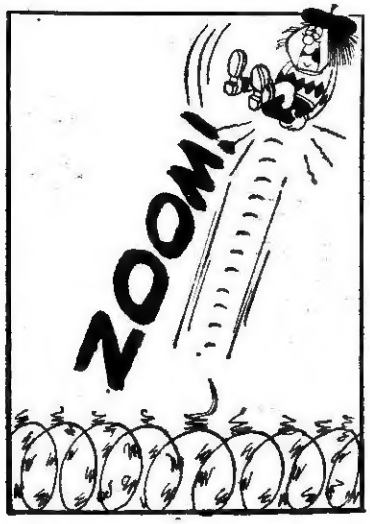
BAH! ROTTER!
HAR! HAR! HAR!

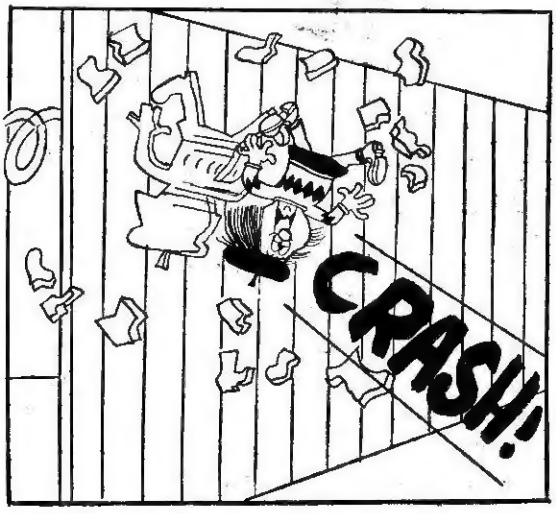
LATER—
THIS TIME NO-ONE WILL STOP ME DOING MY PUZZLE!
PENNY KEEP OUT!

OH, NO? NOTHING STOPS PARATROOPER PENNY!
PENNY KEEP OUT!


RAT-TAT-TAT!
HEH! HEH! MY MARBLE GUN WILL PULVERISE YOU PUZZLE!

EEK!
JAB!

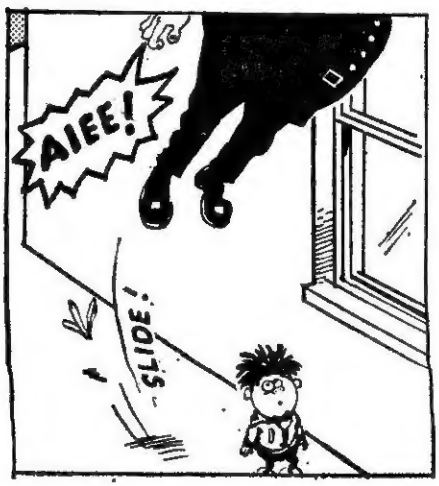

ZOOM!

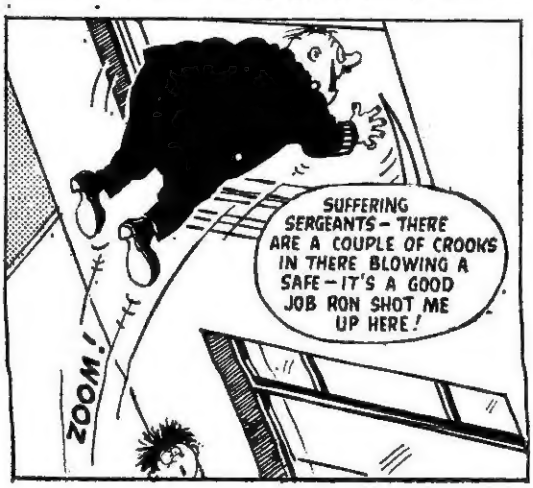

CRASH!!

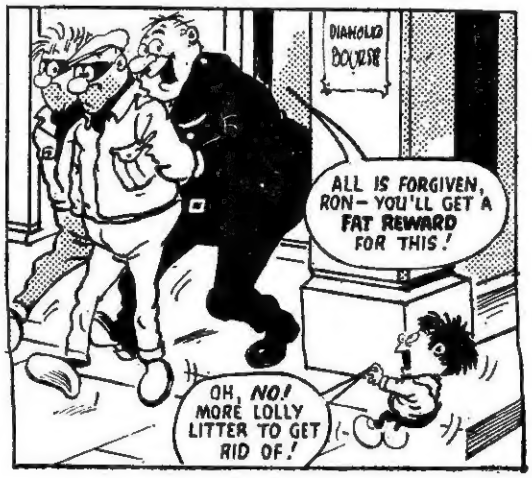
COO! THANKS, PENNY! THIS JIG-SAW OF YOU IS MUCH BETTER THAN THE ONE I HAD!
BLEH!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH







SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I must have sent thousands of letters to Power Comics, but I have sent most of them to SMASH, which is the best. Not one of these letters have been published. It's not the money I'm worried about, but it's just the honour of being put into "the greatest comic ever published." I always try Mister Knowall's tricks, but only a few of them have worked out for me. If you do send me a pound I'll post it off to the hospital and ask them to do some plastic surgery on my sister—believe me, she needs it!

Anthony Hardman,
St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.

Looks like you're the one who'll be in need of plastic surgery when Sis sees THIS in print, Tony!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
If Ronnie Rich doesn't know what to do with his money now, what will happen when he inherits his Gran's million pounds? He'll be in a right state then. This is the first letter I have ever sent to a comic, so it had better get printed.

Paul Smart,
Bournemouth, Hants.

What will Ron do when he inherits the million pounds? With his luck it doesn't look as if he'll ever do it, but it's fun trying!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Would you please try and complete my "ABC" of super-heroes and villains. The only letter I need is "Y." Here is my list: Angel, Beast, Cyclops, Daredevil, Enchantress, Fantastic Four, Giant Man, Hulk, Iceman, Juggernaut, Kazar, Loki, Magneto, Nick Fury, Odin, Plantman, Quicksilver, Rubberman, Spiderman, Thor, Unus, Vulture, Wasp, X-Men, Y———, Zabu (Kazar's sabre-tooth tiger).

Brian Moorhead,
Belfast, 14.

The whole of the garret gang put their heads together on this one. Finally Bart jumped up, threw his socks off and with a fantastic feat of memory informed us of a character in Fantastic 46 by the name of YAGG! So, thanks to Bart, your "ABC" of heroes and villians is complete.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
When the Human Torch turns on flame whilst Mr. Fantastic is there, why doesn't he harm him?

Philip Orchard,
Selly Oak, Birmingham.

It all depends on how close Mr. Fantastic is to the Human Torch. He certainly doesn't have any super powers of protecting himself from the flame.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think Rubberman is absolutely tops. But don't you think it would be a good idea to make him join the Police? Would this make him the long arm of the law?

Michael Spalding,
Haverhill, Suffolk.

A few villians would soon be doing a LONG STRETCH if he did, Mike.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Try saying this very fast three times: Bad Penny picks a bed of purple parsnips before the parrot tells the person who owns the bed of purple parsnips to Pulverise Bad Penny.

Leonard Lindsay,
Motherwell, Lanarkshire.

We've nothing to say—we're tongue-tied!
Alf and Cos.

★

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling our paper with the features you like best!

My favourite feature is: .....

The feature I dislike is: .....

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

AT last! . . . a use for BRAND X comics! We're going to turn them all into PALM TREES! And here's how. . . . Roll up the comic into a cylinder and stick it in place with a bit of selotape. . . .

Make four cuts as the drawing shows, about a quarter down the length. Stick your finger down the hole in the centre of the cuts and gently ease the paper up and out towards you. . . . Lo and behold . . . a tree will grow before your very eyes! What do you do with it now? That's your problem—but you'll enjoy doing the trick!

NIFTY KNOWALL!

Here's how to lift six matches all together with just ONE match. But don't tell anyone the secret till they've tried to lift six with one themselves!

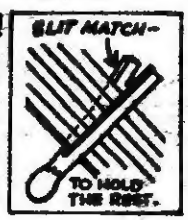
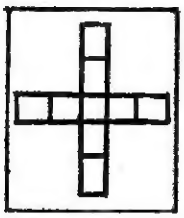


Figure Fun



Fill in the blanks of the diagram with any five numbers that follow each other so that they add up to 100 across or down. Answer next week.

WATER WANGLE

Fill a glass almost to the brim with water and announce that you are going to push it through the letter box without spilling a drop. Choose one of the head-scratching procession that follows you to the door to hold the glass a few inches from the letter box. Now go outside, open the letter box flap, and poking your finger through it, give the glass a gentle push—AND YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE ACTUALLY PUSHED THE GLASS THROUGH THE LETTER BOX!

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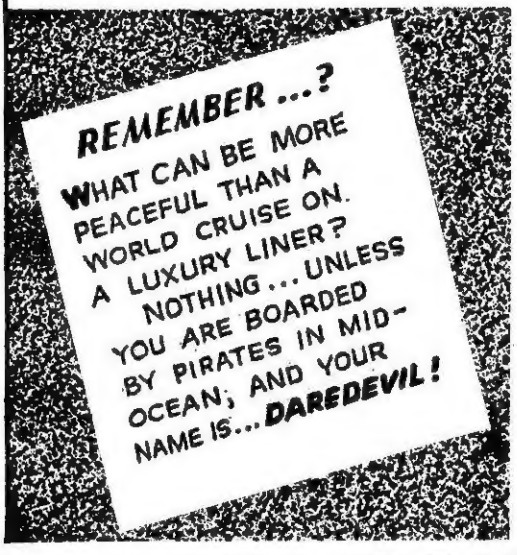
DAREDEVIL ...

"SIGHTLESS IN A SAVAGE LAND!"

CO-STARRING KA-ZAR THE JUNGLE LORD!



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

I AM NO SIMPLE, MEALY-MOUTHED PIRATE! I WAS BORN *LORD PARNIVAL PLUNDER*, A NOBLEMAN WITH RANK, AND TITLE, AND LANDED ESTATES!

BUT THE CALL OF THE *SEA* WAS IN MY BLOOD, AS WAS THE ENGINEERING GENIUS I INHERITED FROM MY FATHER BEFORE ME!

AND NOW, YOU SHALL SEE STAGGERING *EVIDENCE* OF THAT GENIUS ---!

ACTIVATE THE *STEEL STRESS HULL*, YOU BUMBLING BILGE-RAT!

AYE AYE, CAP'N!

BZZZZ

THEN, AT THE MEREST PRESS OF A BUTTON, THE BILLOWING SAILS AUTOMATICALLY FURL AROUND THE TOWERING MASTS, LIKE GIGANTIC WINDOW SHADES SUDDENLY ROLLING UP! AND THEN---

IT'S ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF! NOW THE MASTS *THEMSELVES* ARE FOLDING DOWN TO THE DECKS---

SURPRISED, MY MASKED HEARTY? *WAIT!* THERE IS STILL *GREATER* WONDERMENT TO COME---!

LIKE SOME INCREDIBLE FIGMENT OF A SCIENCE WRITER'S UNBRIDLED IMAGINATION, A SLOWLY RISING HULL OF SOLID *STEEL* SMOOTHLY AND SILENTLY BEGINS TO ENVELOP THE ENTIRE SHIP---

THE WOODEN SAILING SCHOONER WAS A SHAM... A FAKE! THE *REAL* VESSEL WHICH THE *PLUNDER-ER* COMMANDS IS BEGINNING TO TAKE SHAPE!

PREPARE TO *SUBMERGE!!*

SUBMERGE?? IS IT *POSSIBLE?!!*

WITHIN A MERE 160 SECONDS, IN PLACE OF THE ANCIENT NAUTICAL RELIC OF A BYGONE DAY, THE MOST MODERN UNDERSEA CRAFT OF ALL TIME, NOISELESSLY KNIFES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA---

DESCEND TO *ONE THOUSAND FEET*.. THEN STEADY AS SHE GOES!

HE TOLD THE *TRUTH!* HE'S AN ENGINEERING *WIZARD!* BUT WHY DOES HE RESORT TO... *PIRACY?!!*

ENTER, MASKED MAN! PERHAPS YOU WONDER WHY A MAN OF MY *TALENTS* SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN SUCH A LIFE?

THE *SEA* HAS EVER BEEN MY FIRST LOVE... BUT, WHEN I PROPOSED MY IDEAS FOR SHIPS WHICH MEN HAD NEVER DARED *DREAM* OF, I WAS *LAUGHED AT... MOCKED!* MEN CALLED ME *MAD!*

SO, I VOWED TO MAKE THE SNIVELLING LUBBERS *SWALLOW* THEIR TAUNTS! TO MAKE THE SEAS MY OWN PERSONAL DOMAIN! NOT FOR PROFIT! NOT FOR GAIN! BUT FOR SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT... FOR *PRIDE*... AND *REVENGE!*

WELL, I'LL SAY *ONE* THING FOR YOU, PLUNDER... YOUR OPERATION MAKES *CAPTAIN NEMO* SEEM LIKE A *PIKER!*

HE'S ONE OF THE MOST *DANGEROUS* THREATS I'VE EVER FACED! NOT ONLY IS HE *POWER-MAD*, BUT HE HAS THE STRENGTH, AND THE *GENIUS* TO BACK UP HIS TWISTED PLANS!

I DO NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE... OR WHY YOU CHOOSE TO WEAR A MASK... BUT NEVER HAVE I SEEN A MAN *FIGHT* AS YOU DID!

THE NAME IS *DAREDEVIL*... AND THE MASK IS *MY* BUSINESS! BUT, WHAT COMES *NEXT?*

THE CHOICE IS *YOURS*... A *SIMPLE* CHOICE... TO LIVE, OR TO *DIE!*

WHEN WE REACH *SKULL ISLAND*, YOU WILL EITHER SWEAR TO *SERVE* ME... OR YOU WILL SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

SKULL ISLAND?? I'VE NEVER *HEARD* OF IT!

NATURALLY! IT ISN'T FOUND ON ANY *MAP!*

IT DOESN'T EVEN BELONG TO... THIS *AGE!*

MANY MONTHS AGO, WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE LOST EMPIRE OF *ATLANTIS*, I FOUND THIS UNDERSEA CHANNEL... AND I FOLLOWED IT... ALONG A COURSE NO MAN HAD EVER TRAVELLED BEFORE!

SOMEHOW, I FEEL THAT WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED IS MERELY THE *PRELUDE* TO A FAR MORE *FANTASTIC* EVENT TO COME!

I MUST LET THE PLUNDERER'S GAME PLAY ON... TO THE VERY END!

THUS, THE INCREDIBLE VOYAGE CONTINUES... HOUR AFTER HOUR... AT UNIMAGINABLE SPEED.. WITHIN A CHANNEL WHICH EXTENDS FOR *THOUSANDS* OF MILES, UNTIL IT PASSES UNDER THE CONTINENT OF *ANTARCTICA* ITSELF...

APPROACHING DESTINATION! PREPARE TO *SURFACE!*

THE TIME FOR YOUR DECISION DRAWS NEAR, DAREDEVIL! I HOPE, FOR *YOUR* SAKE, THAT IT IS THE CORRECT ONE!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP STALLING HIM... AS LONG AS I CAN... TILL I LEARN *MORE!*

BUT, NO SOONER DOES THE AMAZING CRAFT EMERGE, THAN ALL THOUGHT OF DAREDEVIL'S CHOICE IS SWEPT FROM THE PLUNDERER'S MIND BY...

SKULL ISLAND IS IN *FLAMES!* SOMETHING'S *HAPPENED!* IT'S BEEN *ATTACKED!*

I SENSE *VEGETATION*... SUCH AS EARTH HAS NEVER KNOWN FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS! AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED TO THE *DAWN OF TIME!*

IT'S THE SCURVY *SWAMP MEN!* *THEY* DID IT! THOSE BRAINLESS SAVAGES DARED TO ATTACK *MY* REALM!

MAKE FOR THE ISLAND! *FULL SPEED AHEAD!* THEY'LL *LEARN* WHAT IT MEANS TO CHALLENGE THE POWER OF *CAPTAIN PLUNDER!*

SKULL ISLAND! SWAMP MEN!! THE SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF A PRE-HISTORIC AGE!! WHAT UNBELIEVABLE *MYSTERY* HAVE I STUMBLED ONTO??

OTHERS COME...IN STRANGE BOAT! IF THEY SEEK SWAMP MEN, THEY ARE TOO LATE! NO LONGER ON ISLAND!
SWAMP MEN RETURN TO VILLAGE ON MAINLAND! KA-ZAR ABOUT TO ATTACK... BUT, NOW, KA-ZAR WAIT... WATCH STRANGERS! STRANGERS MAY BE GREATER DANGER!
MAKE NO SOUND, ZABU! WE MUST BE SILENT AS THE WIND ...UNTIL WE STRIKE!

IN A WAY, WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED HERE IS LUCKY FOR ME! IN HIS EXCITEMENT, PLUNDER'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY DECISION!
GET THOSE SUPPLIES ASHORE! MOVE, YOU LAZY LUBBERS!
WE'LL TRACK THOSE SAVAGES DOWN NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE... AND WE'LL WIPE THEM OFF THE MAP!

BUT, NO SOONER ARE THE BUCCANEERS ALL ASHORE, AND ASSEMBLED IN ONE AREA, WHEN...
GRROWRR!
A TIGER!!
MORE THAN A TIGER! ITS SIZE... ITS SPEED... IT'S A GIANT!

THAT'S NO PLACE FOR ME TO BE STANDING AROUND... AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
WAIT! I SENSE ANOTHER FIGURE... STRONG.. FEARLESS... BUT, SOMEHOW... DIFFERENT!
THIS KA-ZAR'S LAND! MEN WITH THUNDERSTICKS NO GOOD! KA-ZAR CHASE AWAY! SWAMP MEN... STRANGERS... ALL SAME... NO GOOD! MUST GO! GO!
CRASH!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE... BUT... THE TIGER IS FIGHTING WITH HIM... HE'S.. UNHHH!
WOK!
WHO IS HE? WHERE DID HE COME FROM..?

WAIT... WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'M NOT OUT TO HURT YOU! MAYBE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER!
UHH..! ONLY YOU DARE FIGHT BACK! YOU ARE STRONGEST! KA-ZAR SMASH YOU FIRST!
NO USE! IT'S LIKE TRYING TO STOP A STEAM-ROLLER!

I EXPECTED MY BLOW TO HIS STOMACH TO TOPPLE HIM... IT DIDN'T! BUT, IT THREW ME OFF-BALANCE...
HE'S TOO FAST! NO TIME TO GET MY FOOTING... BECAUSE I WAS CARE-LESS!
MUST STRIKE HARD! THERE IS MUCH STRENGTH WITHIN THOSE LIMBS!

BUT KA-ZAR HAS GREATEST STRENGTH OF ALL!
BLAM!
UNHHH!

STRONGER THAN MASTODON! STRONGER THAN GIANT BOAR!
MIGHTY IS KA-ZAR! LORD OF JUNGLE!
HE LOOKS LIKE A MAN.. BUT HE CAN'T BE! HE'S A TWO-LEGGED WILD BEAST!

THEN, AS THE SIGHTLESS CRUSADER LIES MOTIONLESS ON THE GROUND... A MUTE TESTAMENT TO KA-ZAR'S THUNDERING STRENGTH... THE JUNGLE LORD HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE PANICKY PIRATES WITH THE FORCE OF A HUMAN DREADNAUGHT...!
EEEE
AAAAAHHH!

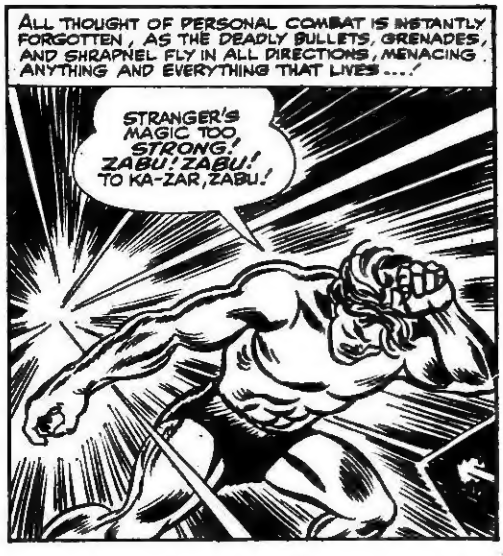
AND, ANY HAPLESS BUCCANEERS WHOM KA-ZAR MISSES ARE FORCED TO FACE THE ROARING RAGE OF ZABU!!
GRROWRRRR
RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
RATHER THE WRATH OF THE PLUNDERER THAN THE FANGS OF ZABU!

BACK, YOU SPINELESS SEA-DOGS! STAND YOUR GROUND, OR YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME!
LOOK AT THEM RUN... LIKE WHIPPED CURS! WELL, I'LL STOP THAT BRAINLESS SAVAGE!
NO ONE CAN OUT-FIGHT CAPTAIN PLUNDER!

A STONE ??! A HAND-HELD PIECE OF ROCK AGAINST A BLASTER GUN ?!! THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY!
KA-ZAR FEARS NO THUNDER STICK!
IN KA-ZAR'S HAND, EVEN STONE IS MIGHTY WEAPON!

THEN, SUITING ACTION TO HIS WORDS, THE DRAMATIC JUNGLE LORD STRIKES!
MY SHOULDER!!
THIK!
HE HIT ME BEFORE I COULD FIRE... MADE MY SHOTS GO WILD!
THAKKA THAKKA TH

RICOCHETING WILDLY THROUGH THE CLEARING, THE STEEL-JACKETED SHELLS SUDDENLY STRIKE THE PLUNDERER'S CACHE OF EXPLOSIVES... AND THEN...
KA-PLOW


ALL THOUGHT OF PERSONAL COMBAT IS INSTANTLY FORGOTTEN, AS THE DEADLY BULLETS, GRENADES, AND SHRAPNEL FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, MENACING ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT LIVES...!
STRANGER'S MAGIC TOO STRONG! ZABU! ZABU! TO KA-ZAR, ZABU!

EACH EXPLOSION LEADS TO A STILL BIGGER ONE, AS THE DREAD HOLOCAUST CONTINUES UNABATED...
WHOOOOM!
RUN, ZABU! WE FIND SAFETY... IN CAVE OF KA-ZAR!

BUT, AS THE SHELLS CONTINUE TO PEPPER THE AIR ALL ABOUT HIM, DAREDEVIL SLOWLY STARTS TO STAGGER TO HIS FEET, AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...
I WAS A FOOL! TRIED TO REASON WITH THAT LOIN-CLOTHED LUNATIC! ...I LET MY GUARD DOWN...!
BUT, NEXT TIME...!

THEN, AS THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER TOTTERINGLY STANDS ERECT, THE MOST STARTLING REVELATION OF ALL STRIKES HIM WITH THE IMPACT OF A CYCLONE...!
MY RADAR SENSE... IT'S GONE! I CAN'T VISUALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND ME!!!
THAT BLOW FROM KA-ZAR!! IT MUST HAVE DONE THIS TO ME!
NOW I REALLY AM A BLIND MAN!

WITHOUT HIS LIFE-SAVING RADAR SENSE, THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER FINDS HIMSELF UNCERTAIN, CONFUSED, GROPING HELPLESSLY ABOUT IN A WORLD OF DARKNESS, UNTIL...
SHELLS... FLYING ALL AROUND ME! DANGER EVERYWHERE...!
WHAT CAN I...?? UHHH! TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING!! I-I'M HIT!!

THEN, AS THE EXPLOSIONS FINALLY DIMINISH, THE ENSUING FINGERS OF FLAME CRAWL EVER CLOSER TO THE LEAN, WOUNDED FIGURE LYING MOTIONLESS UPON THE GROUND...
THE COSTUMED ONE... HURT! REMINDS KA-ZAR OF OTHER COSTUMED ONES...*
THEY TRIED TO HELP KA-ZAR! NOT EVIL! PERHAPS HE IS ONE OF THEM?
*HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE X-MEN YOU CAN READ EVERY WEEK IN FANTASTIC!

HE FOUGHT WITH COURAGE... CANNOT LET HIM DIE! KA-ZAR WILL SAVE!

NOW GO, ZABU! WE RETURN TO HIDDEN CAVE! THERE IS MUCH FOR US TO DO!
KA-ZAR MUST FIND SWAMP MEN... AND PUNISH! THEN DRIVE STRANGERS FROM LAND!

YOU WAIT, ZABU! GUARD CAVE! KA-ZAR GO INSIDE!
THE BRAVE ONE HAS GREAT HURT! HE IS NEAR THE LONG SLEEP!

HE DOES NOT AWAKE! ONLY JUNGLE HERB CAN SAVE HIM! JUICE OF JU-JU PLANT! BUT, THERE IS NO TIME!
KA-ZAR MUST FIRST PUNISH EVIL ONES!
THEN, FOR LONG, SILENT SECONDS THE JUNGLE LORD STARES AT THE WOUNDED MAN... AS A NEW EMOTION BEGINS TO STIR WITHIN HIS SAVAGE BRAIN... AN EMOTION STRANGELY AKIN TO... RESPECT!

SUDDENLY, HE TURNS, SEIZING A MIGHTY WAR CLUB AND A GREY EARTHEN JUG...
STAND GUARD, LOYAL ZABU! KA-ZAR GOES NOW!

PLANTS OF DEATH SURROUND LIFE-GIVING JU-JU! EVEN KA-ZAR'S STRENGTH CANNOT BREAK THEIR HOLD! BUT KA-ZAR FEARS NOTHING! KA-ZAR WILL FIND A WAY!

FINALLY, AFTER A LONG, CAUTIOUS TREK THROUGH THE HOT, MURKY, FETID JUNGLE...
KILLER PLANT WAITS... READY TO STRIKE! KA-ZAR MUST SEIZE JU-JU BERRIES WITH SPEED OF SERPENT... WITH ARM STRONG AS MASTODON!

BUT, THOUGH HIS SPEED IS THE SPEED OF A JUNGLE BEAST, THE FANTASTIC PLANT MOVES EVEN FASTER...
ONLY CLUB CAN SAVE KA-ZAR NOW! BACK... BACK! THE JUNGLE LORD COMMANDS!
THUM!
THUD!

THOUGH HE FIGHTS WITH INDESCRIBABLE FURY, A SECOND GRASPING PLANT REACHES OUT FROM BEHIND HIM WITH TENDRILS LIKE IRON VICES...!
ARRRHHH! KA-ZAR HAS FAILED!!

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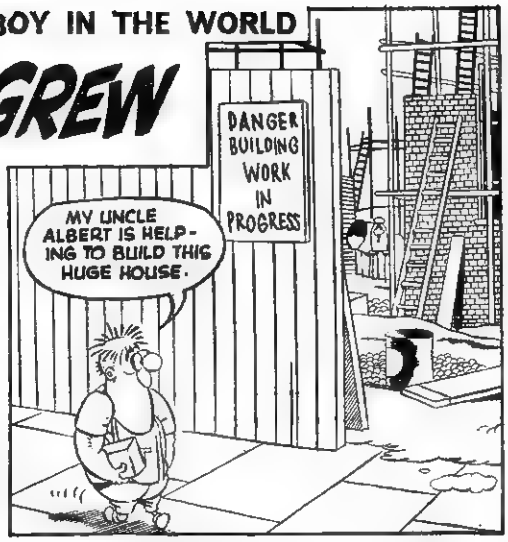
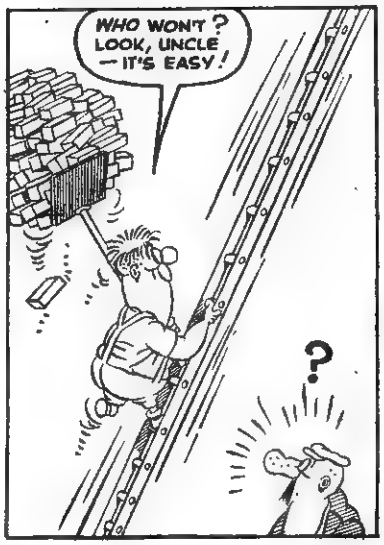
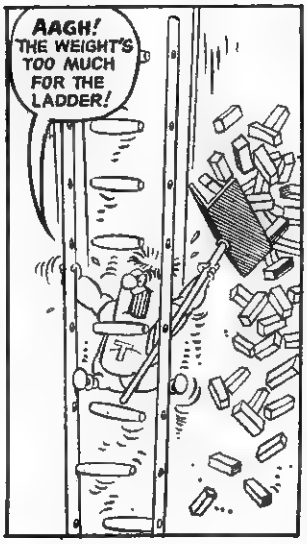
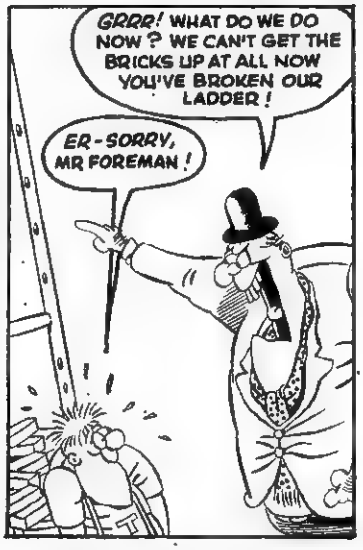
MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD

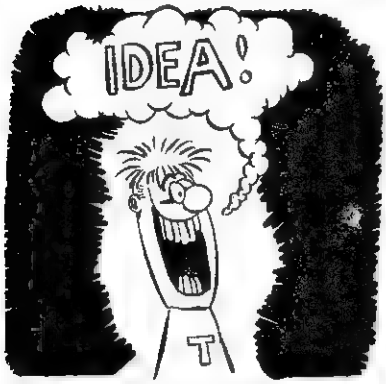
TUFFY McGREW

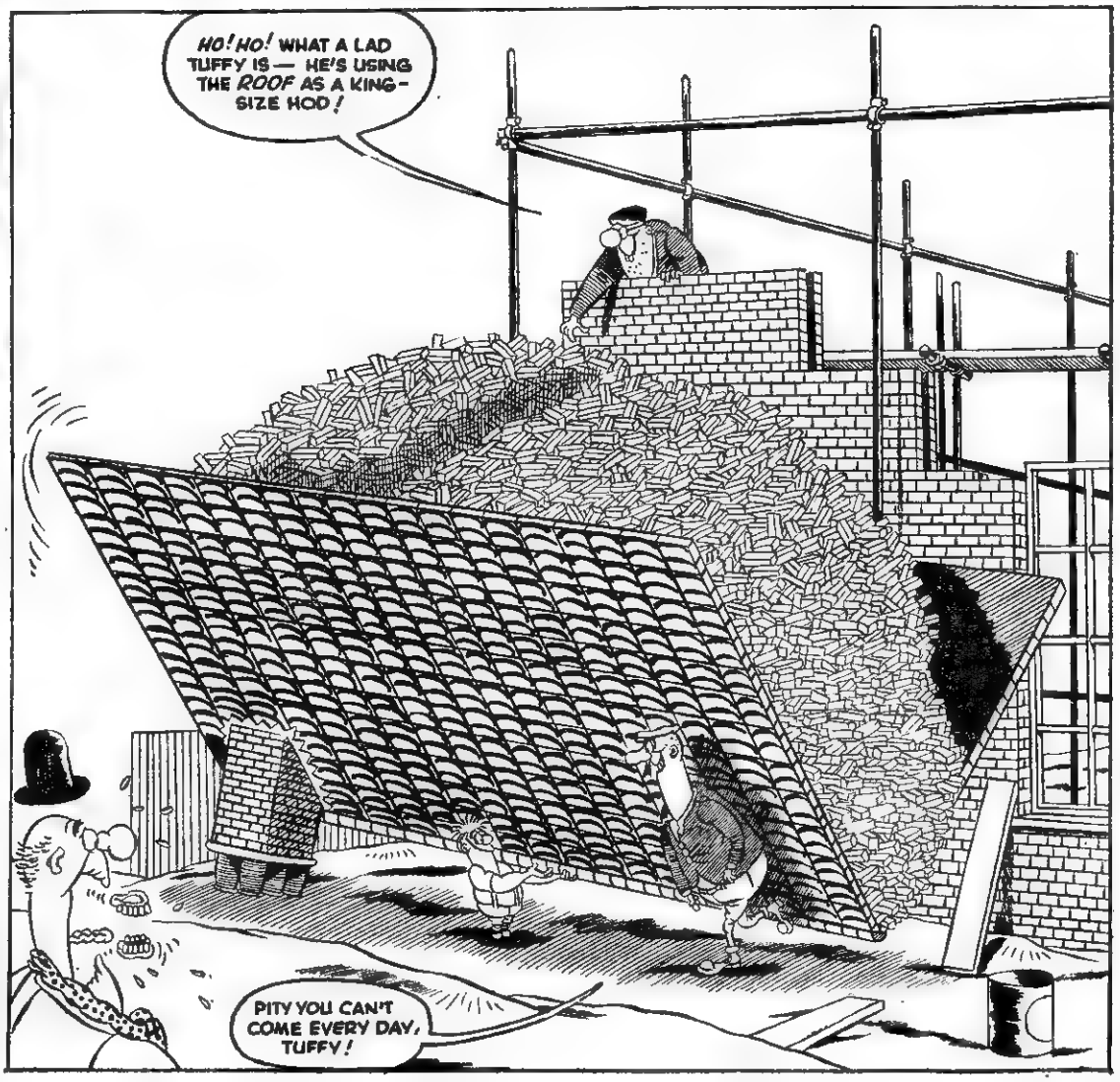




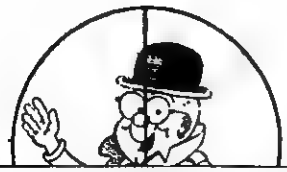




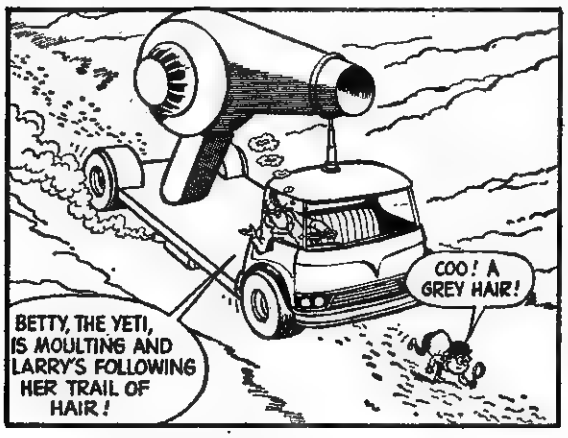


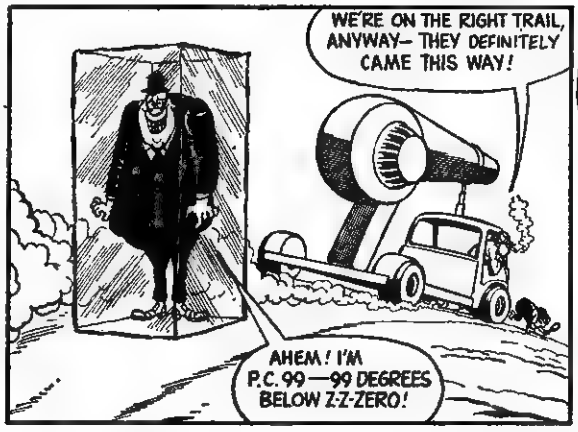


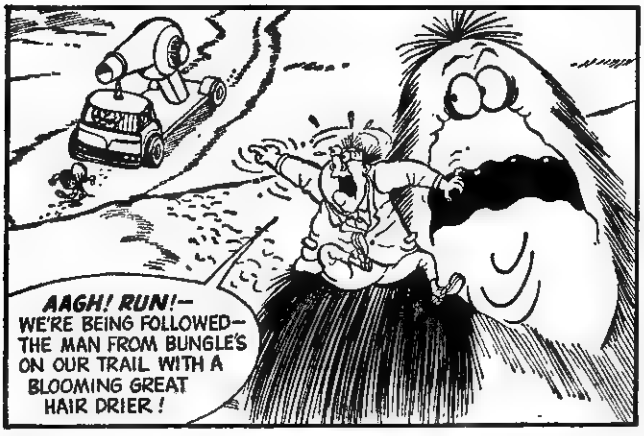
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E

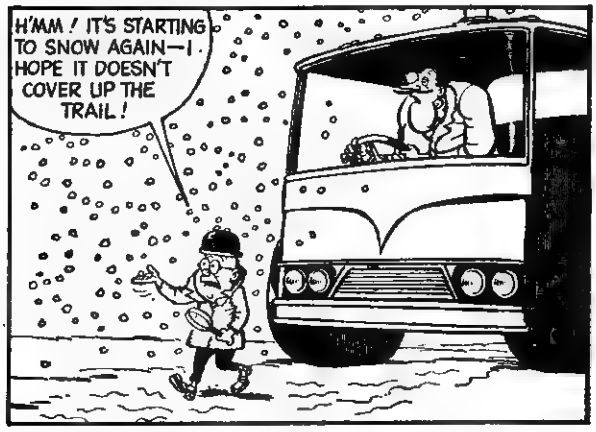


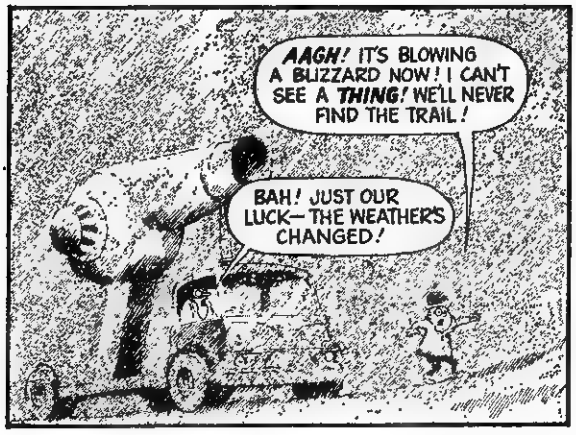
THE MAN FROM BUNGLE AND HIS BOSS, Z CARR, ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL OF DR. DIMWITTY AND HIS DIABOLICAL ICE-BREATHING YETI—CAN THEY DEFROST THAT ABOMINABLE SNOWWOMAN BEFORE SHE FREEZES OVER THE NORTH SEA? WE WOULDN'T BET ON IT!—

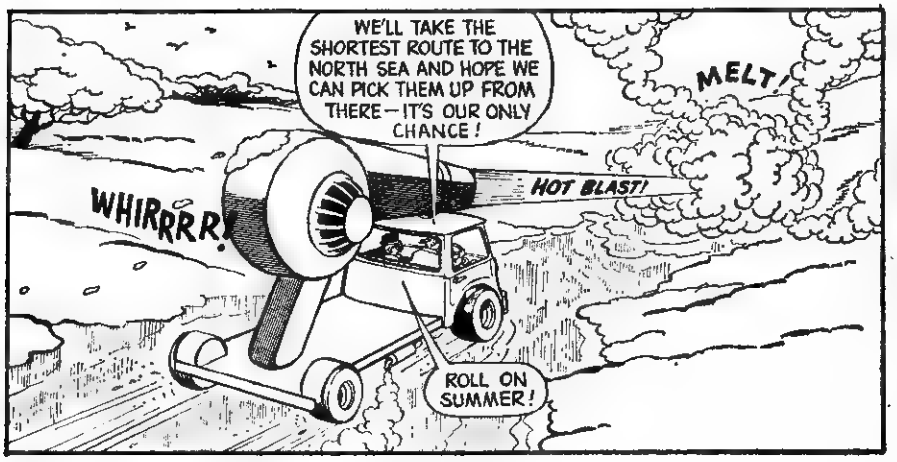


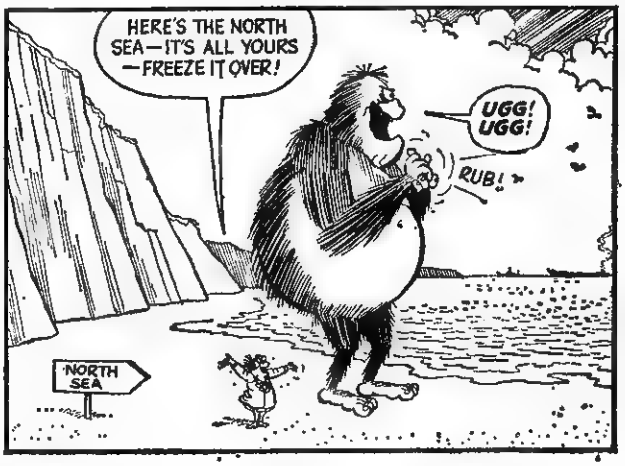


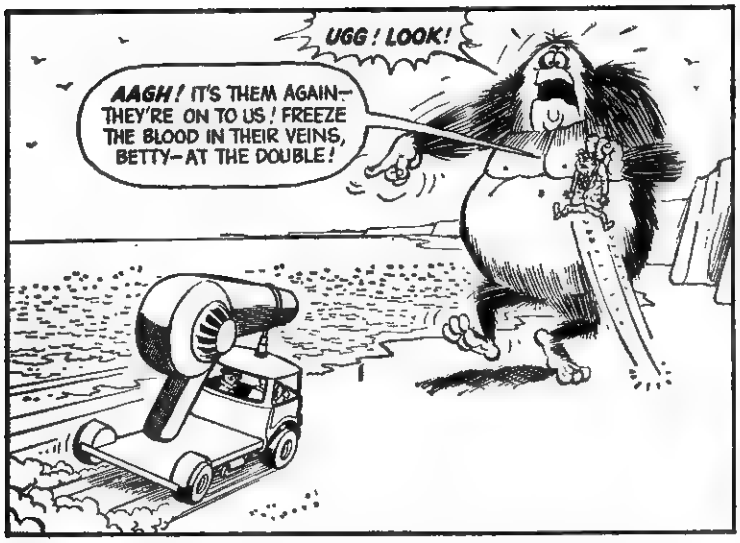


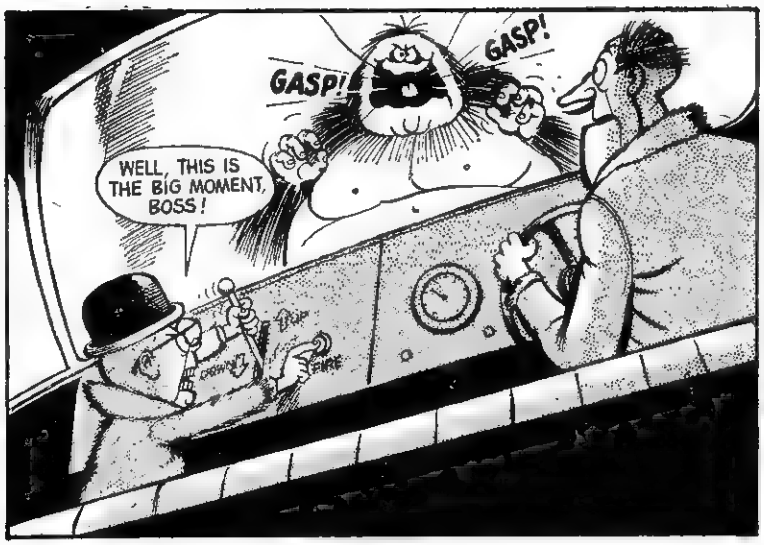


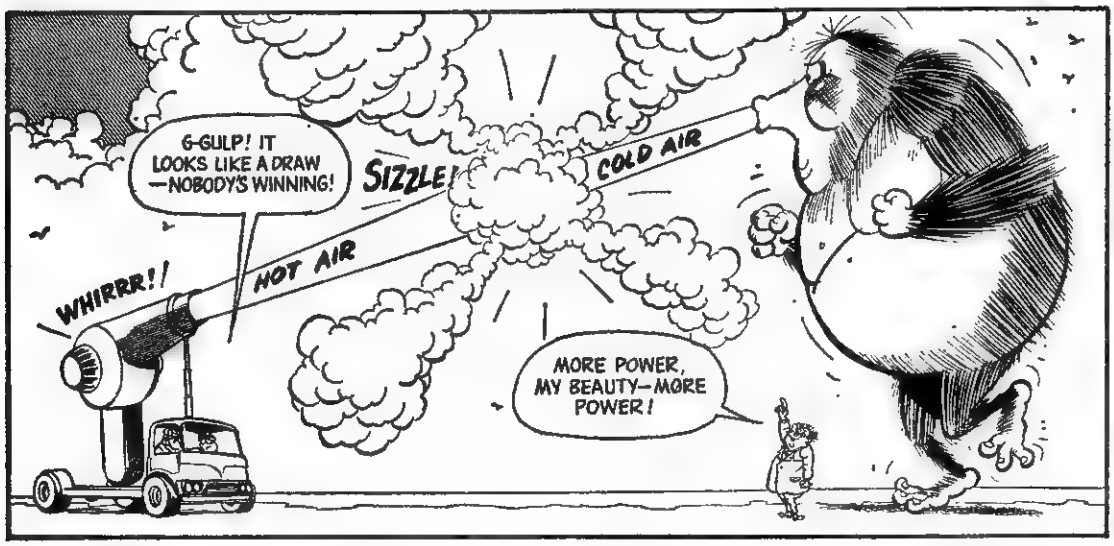


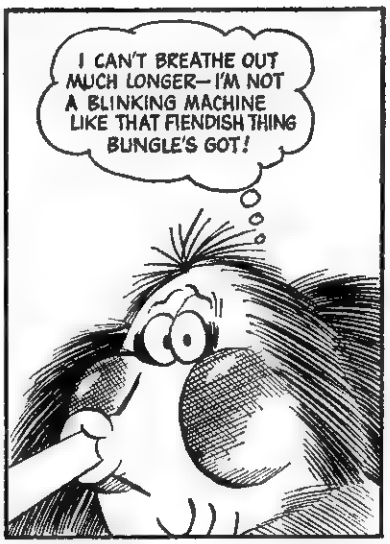


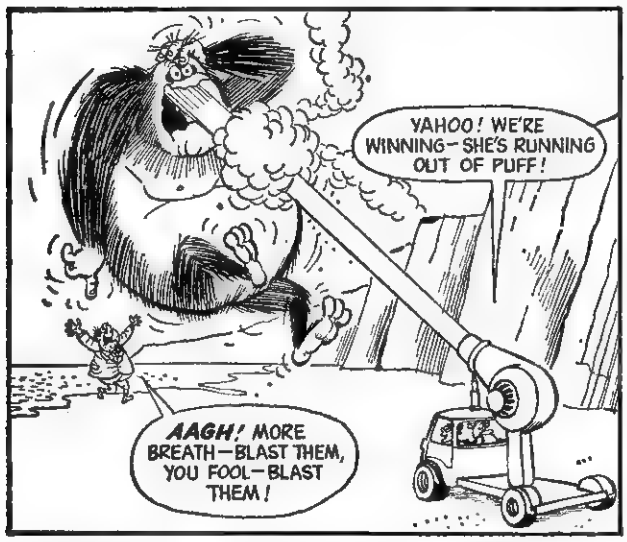



UGG! LOOK!
AAGH! IT'S THEM AGAIN—THEY'RE ON TO US! FREEZE THE BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS, BETTY—AT THE DOUBLE!


GASP!
GASP!
WELL, THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT, BOSS!
FIRE

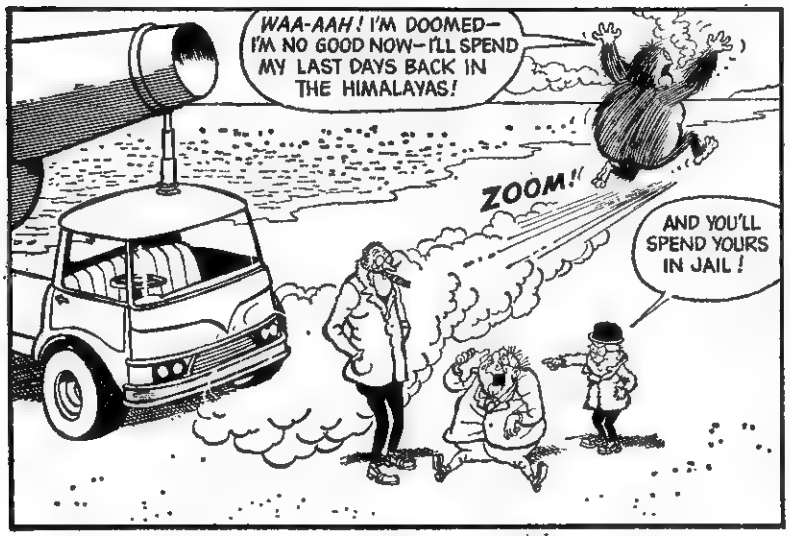

G-GULP! IT LOOKS LIKE A DRAW—NOBODY'S WINNING!
SIZZLE!
COLD AIR
HOT AIR
WHIRRR!!
MORE POWER, MY BEAUTY—MORE POWER!

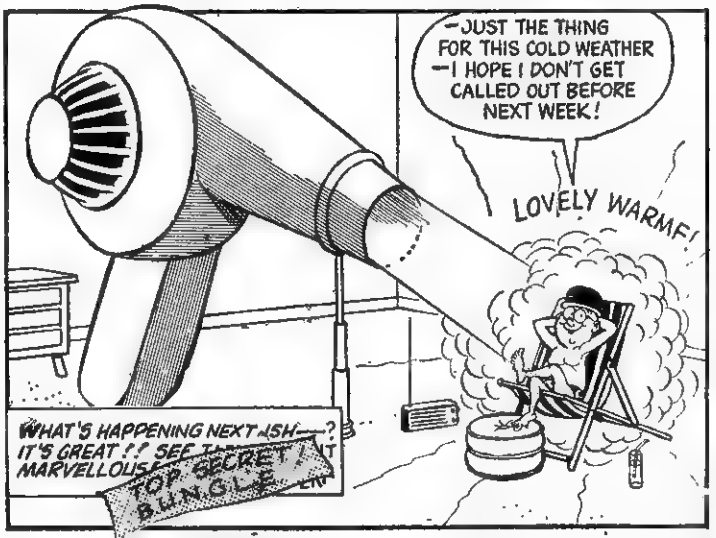

I CAN'T BREATHE OUT MUCH LONGER—I'M NOT A BLINKING MACHINE LIKE THAT FIENDISH THING BUNGLE'S GOT!


YAHOO! WE'RE WINNING—SHE'S RUNNING OUT OF PUFF!
AAGH! MORE BREATH—BLAST THEM, YOU FOOL—BLAST THEM!

GULP!
HOT AIR!

AAGH! I'VE HAD IT! I'VE BEEN DEFROSTED! I CAN'T RAISE A PUFF OF BREATH!
BOO! HOO! HOO! BEATEN BY A BLINKING HAIR DRIER!


WAA-AAH! I'M DOOMED—I'M NO GOOD NOW—I'LL SPEND MY LAST DAYS BACK IN THE HIMALAYAS!
ZOOM!!
AND YOU'LL SPEND YOURS IN JAIL!


—JUST THE THING FOR THIS COLD WEATHER—I HOPE I DON'T GET CALLED OUT BEFORE NEXT WEEK!
LOVELY WARM!
WHAT'S HAPPENING NEXT ISH—? IT'S GREAT!! SEE THE MARVELLOUS
TOP SECRET! BUNGLE

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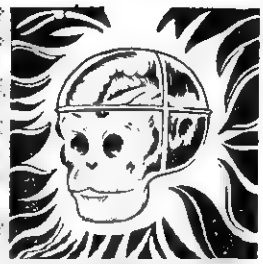
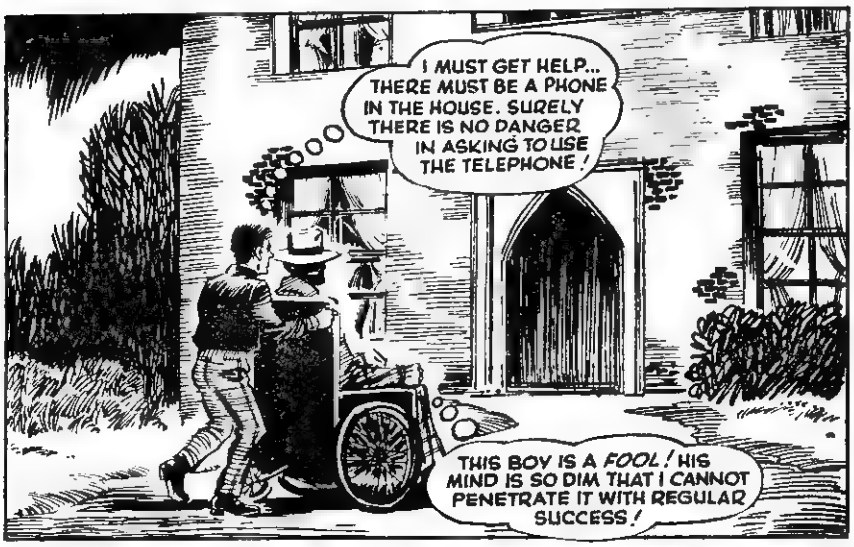
BRIAN'S BRAIN



THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, TO ADMIT THE STRANGE WOMAN IN WHITE—WHOM THE BRAIN HAD ALREADY WARNED BRIAN ABOUT...
IT IS NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE OR HOW YOU GOT HERE... TELL ME, WHERE IS THE BRAIN?
THE BRAIN?!! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BRAIN?

I KNOW ENOUGH TO REALISE THAT POSSESSION OF THE BRAIN MEANS ... POWER ... MORE POWER THAN I HAVE ALREADY ... AND POWER MEANS WEALTH!
I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING! NOW... WHERE IS MY FATHER?

M'LADY! THE OTHER BOY AND THE OLD MAN ARE COMING BACK!


I MUST GET HELP... THERE MUST BE A PHONE IN THE HOUSE. SURELY THERE IS NO DANGER IN ASKING TO USE THE TELEPHONE!
THIS BOY IS A FOOL! HIS MIND IS SO DIM THAT I CANNOT PENETRATE IT WITH REGULAR SUCCESS!

WHO IS THAT OLD MAN? WHY DID YOU BRING HIM HERE?
FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF—IF YOU CAN!

BAH! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER—FOR THE MOMENT, I MUST ATTEND TO THE OTHER TWO!

THE CLUMSY SERVANT FUMBLES WITH THE KEY AS HE LOCKS THE BEDROOM DOOR ...
HURRY, HOGARTH! I MAY NEED YOUR HELP!

BRIAN GIVES HIS CAPTORS A FEW MOMENTS, THEN ...
I HEARD THE KEY IN THE LOCK... BUT I MUST GET OUT OF HERE, SOMEHOW!

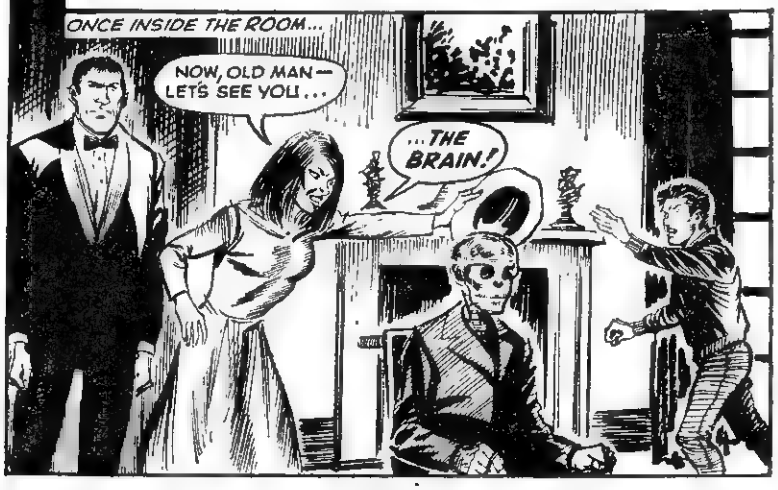
BUT THE LOCK IS OLD — AND BRIAN'S DESPERATE SHAKING SPRINGS BACK THE RUSTED CATCH!
WELL! IT SEEMS ALL MY LUCK ISN'T BAD!

CAUTIOUSLY, HE TIP-TOES OUT INTO A GLOOMY CORRIDOR
...WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT ROOM AT THE END... IT MUST BE IMPORTANT FOR IT TO BE SO CAREFULLY PADLOCKED!

IT... IT LOOKS LIKE A DUNGEON!.. WONDER IF I CAN SEE INSIDE... PERHAPS...

DAD!

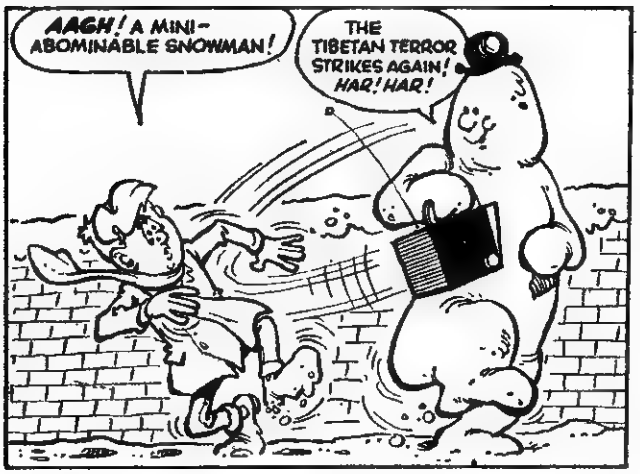
MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS...
THIS WAY — THE TELEPHONE IS IN HERE...
FOOLISH BOY! THESE PEOPLE ARE EVIL... BUT EVEN I CANNOT PENETRATE HIS DULL MIND TO WARN HIM!

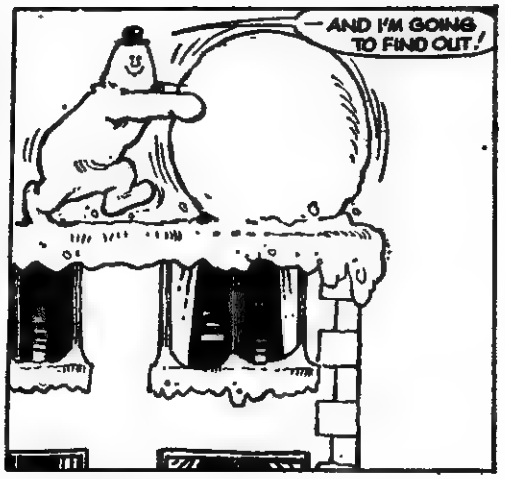

ONCE INSIDE THE ROOM...
NOW, OLD MAN — LET'S SEE YOU...
...THE BRAIN!

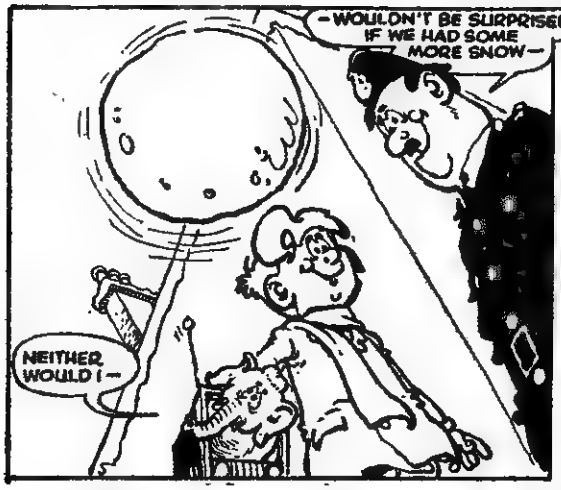
BUT AS SHE REACHES OUT TO GRAB THE PRIZE, THE ROOM SUDDENLY TILTS — LIKE THE DECK OF A SINKING SHIP...
M'LADY!
AAGH!!
BRAIN! — WHAT'S HAPPENING? — UUH!! W-WERE F-FALLING!!
NEXT (MUST!!) ISH: THE BRAIN FIGHTS BACK!

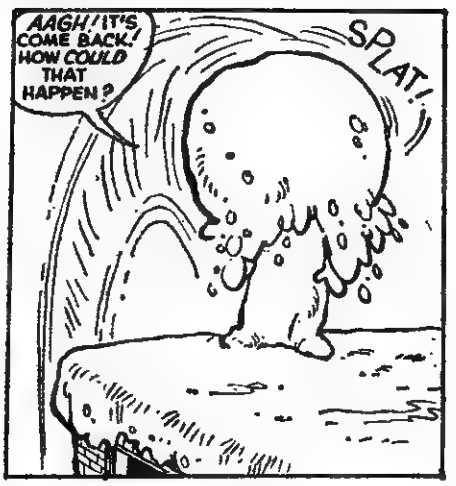
Charlie's Choice

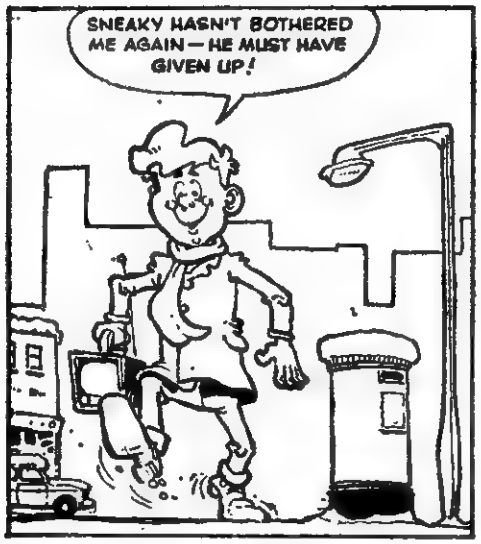
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!





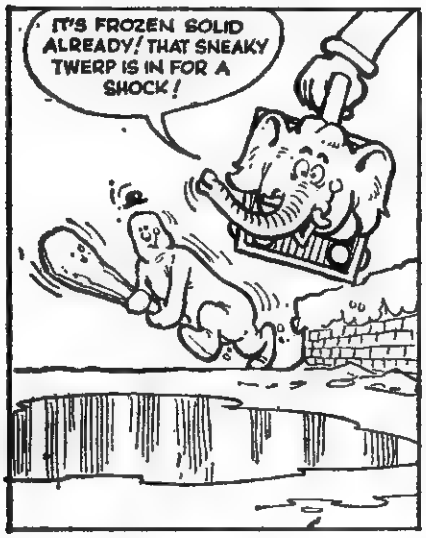


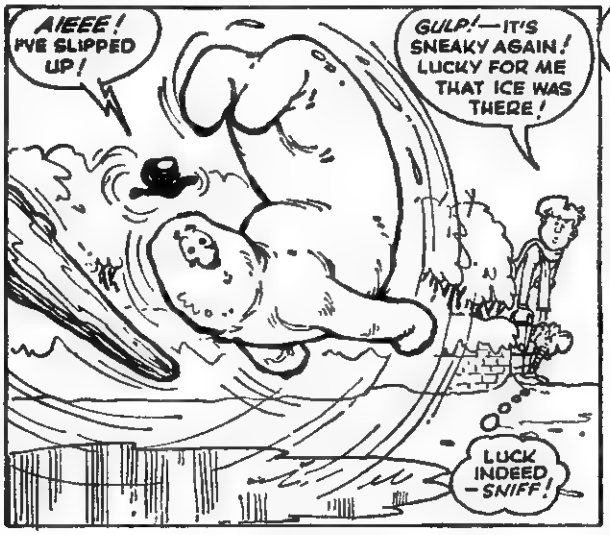


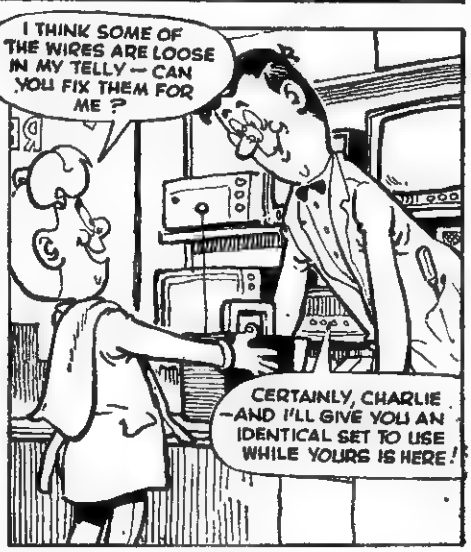

SNEAKY HASN'T BOTHERED ME AGAIN — HE MUST HAVE GIVEN UP!

GRR! THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS! I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
ABOMINABLE CLUB

I SUPPOSE IT'S UP TO LITTLE OLD ME AGAIN!


IT'S FROZEN SOLID ALREADY! THAT SNEAKY TWERP IS IN FOR A SHOCK!


AIEEE! I'VE SLIPPED UP!
GULP! — IT'S SNEAKY AGAIN! LUCKY FOR ME THAT ICE WAS THERE!
LUCK INDEED, — SNIFF!


I THINK SOME OF THE WIRES ARE LOOSE IN MY TELLY — CAN YOU FIX THEM FOR ME?
CERTAINLY, CHARLIE — AND I'LL GIVE YOU AN IDENTICAL SET TO USE WHILE YOURS IS HERE!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL HAVE MY OWN SET BACK BY NEXT WEEK!

AASH! IT'S HIM AGAIN!
YAHOO!

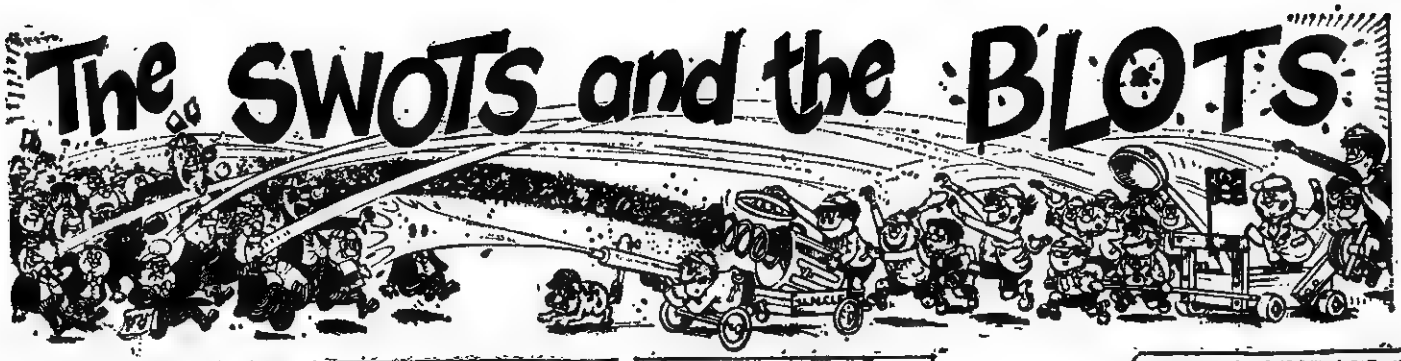
YIPPEEE! I'VE GOT IT — I'VE GOT IT!!

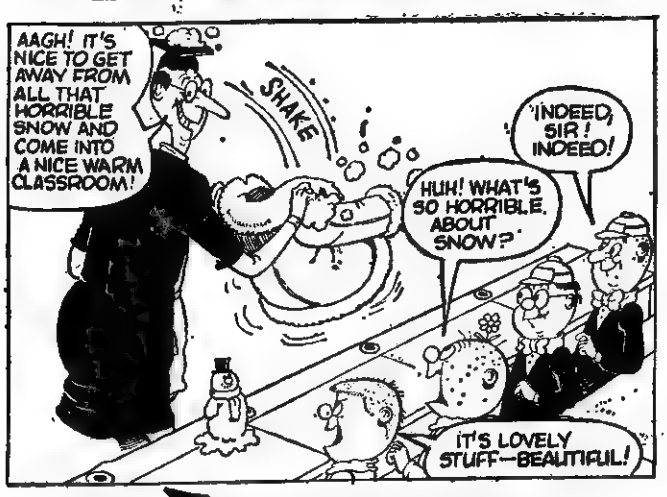
NOW I'LL FIND OUT IF THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS SET IF IT KILLS ME!

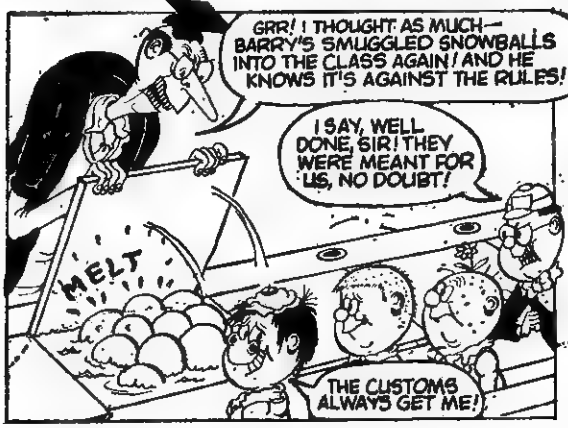
FOUR HOURS LATER...
GASP! I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING! IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY SET! I MAY AS WELL GIVE IT BACK TO THE TWERP!

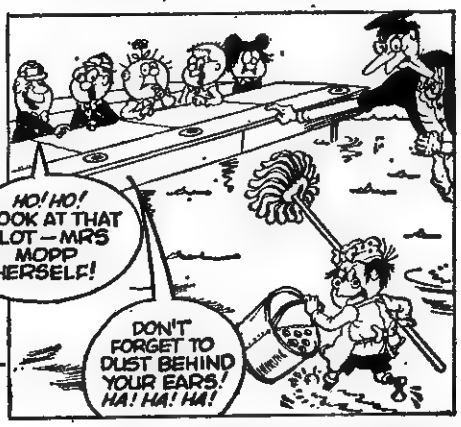
LATER, AT THE BROWNS'—
MAYBE THIS ONE IS ORDINARY — BUT NOT THE ONE SAFE IN THE REPAIR SHOP, EH, READERS?

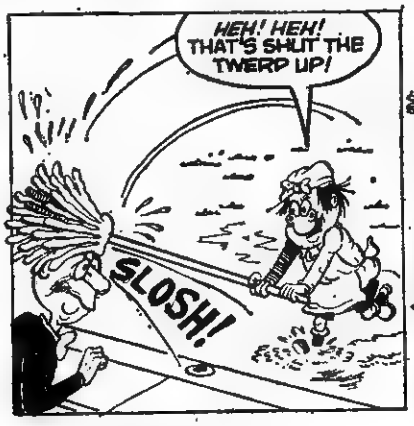
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

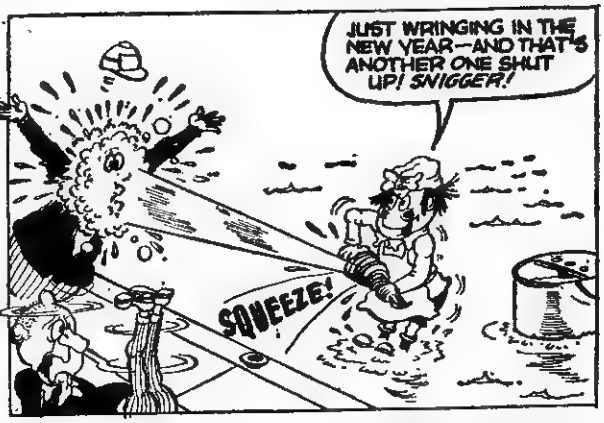


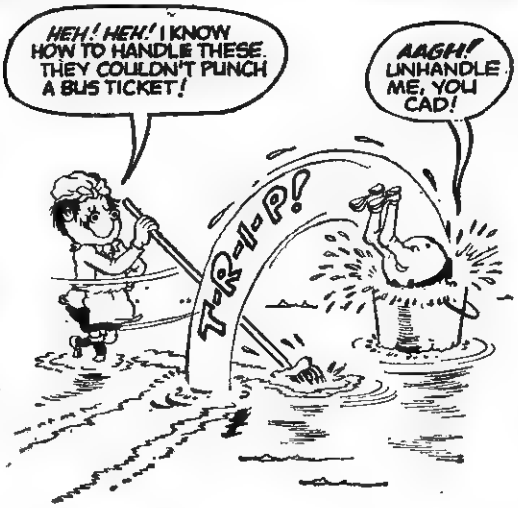






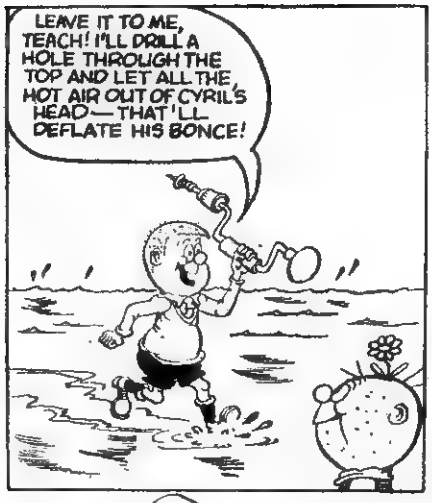


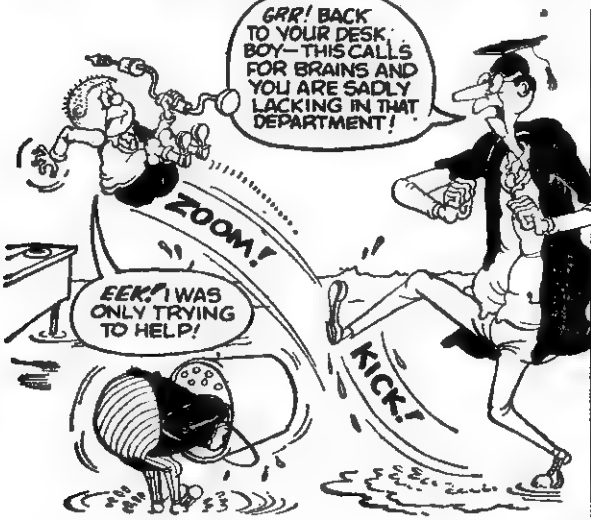




AAGH! HELP ME, SIR—IT'S STUCK FAST! I CAN'T GET IT OFF!
HOW, PAIL-FACE!

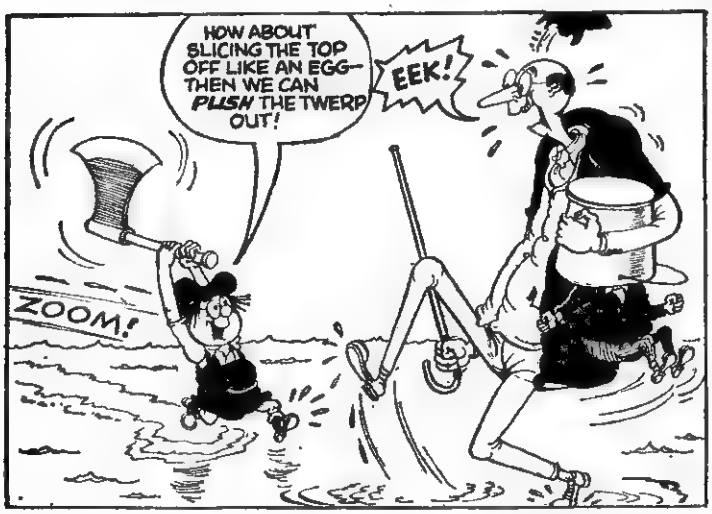
WAA-AAH! OOH! STOP! YOU'LL TAKE MY EARS WITH IT!
PULL!
THERE'S SOME EARS IN YOUR BUCKET DEAR CYRIL, DEAR CYRIL!


LEAVE IT TO ME, TEACH! I'LL DRILL A HOLE THROUGH THE TOP AND LET ALL THE HOT AIR OUT OF CYRIL'S HEAD—THAT'LL DEFLATE HIS BONCE!

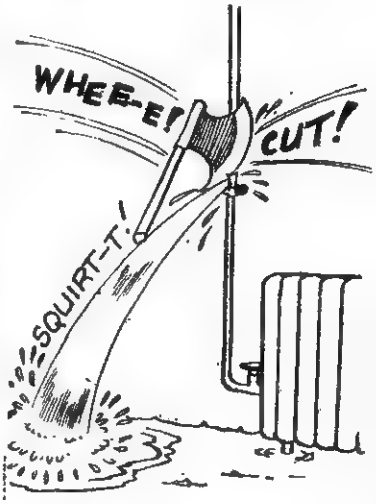

GRR! BACK TO YOUR DESK BOY—THIS CALLS FOR BRAINS AND YOU ARE SADLY LACKING IN THAT DEPARTMENT!
ZOOM!
EEK! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
KICK!

MAYBE IF WE BASH SOME SENSE INTO THAT TWERP HE'LL THINK OF A WAY OUT HIMSELF!
JUMP-P!

DRAG-G
GRR! ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE—BACK TO YOUR DESK!
HUH! I AIN'T HEARD YOU COMING UP WITH ANY BRIGHT IDEAS!


HOW ABOUT SLICING THE TOP OFF LIKE AN EGG—THEN WE CAN PUSH THE TWERP OUT!
EEK!
ZOOM!

MACABRE LITTLE LOT, AREN'T THEY?
ZOOM
H'MM! I RECKON TEACH DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF THAT IDEA, EITHER!

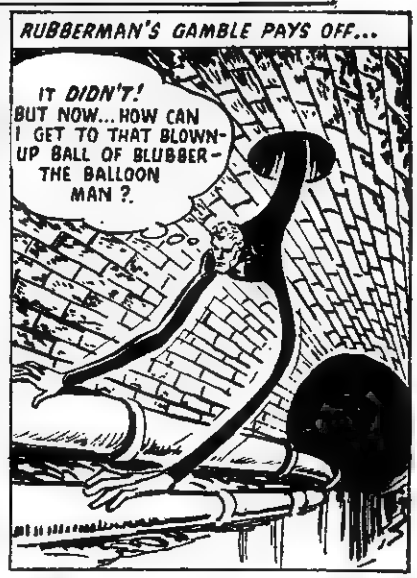

WHEE-E!
CUT!
SQUIRT-T!

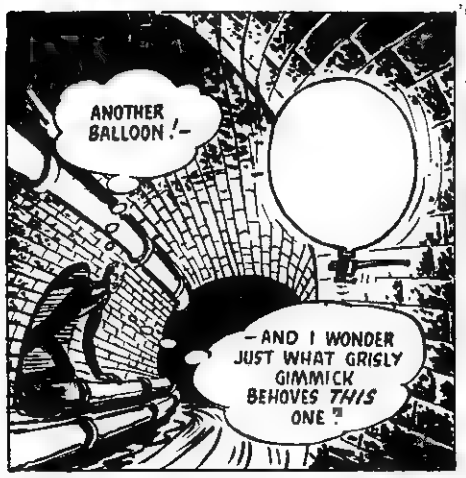
AAGH! I'VE BURST THE WATER-PIPE!
COO! NAUGHTY OLD SIR! WHATEVER WILL THE HEADMASTER SAY?

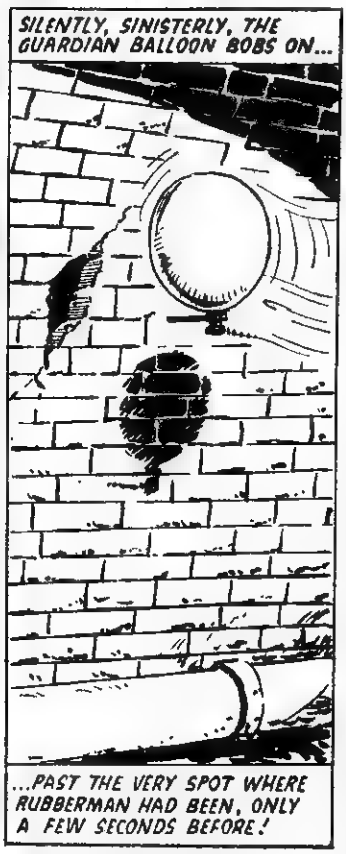
ERK!—A SAWFISH!
BAH! FROM A PUDDLE TO THIS!
HEH! HEH! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A MOP TO SORT THAT LOT!
THROW IT BACK!
SMASH!
HELP!
LITTER
SAW!
INK
BAIT
GURGLE!
DUCK!
HOW MUCH LONGER IS THE PLUMBER GOING TO BE? I CAN'T KEEP THIS WATER DOWN ANY MORE!
HELP!
THOSE TWERPS SHOULD HAVE SETTLED FOR A FEW SNOWBALLS!

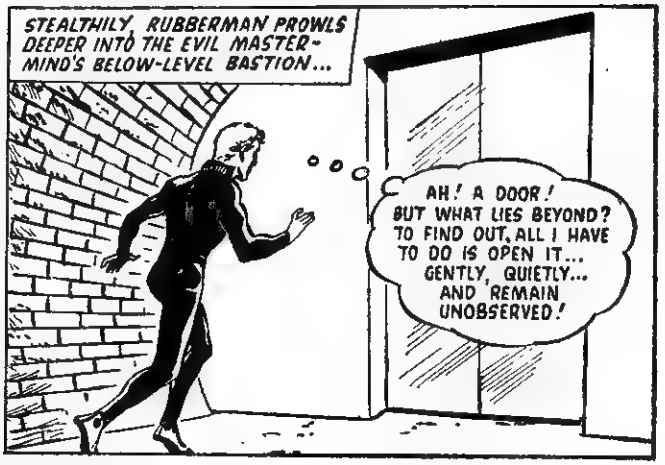
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

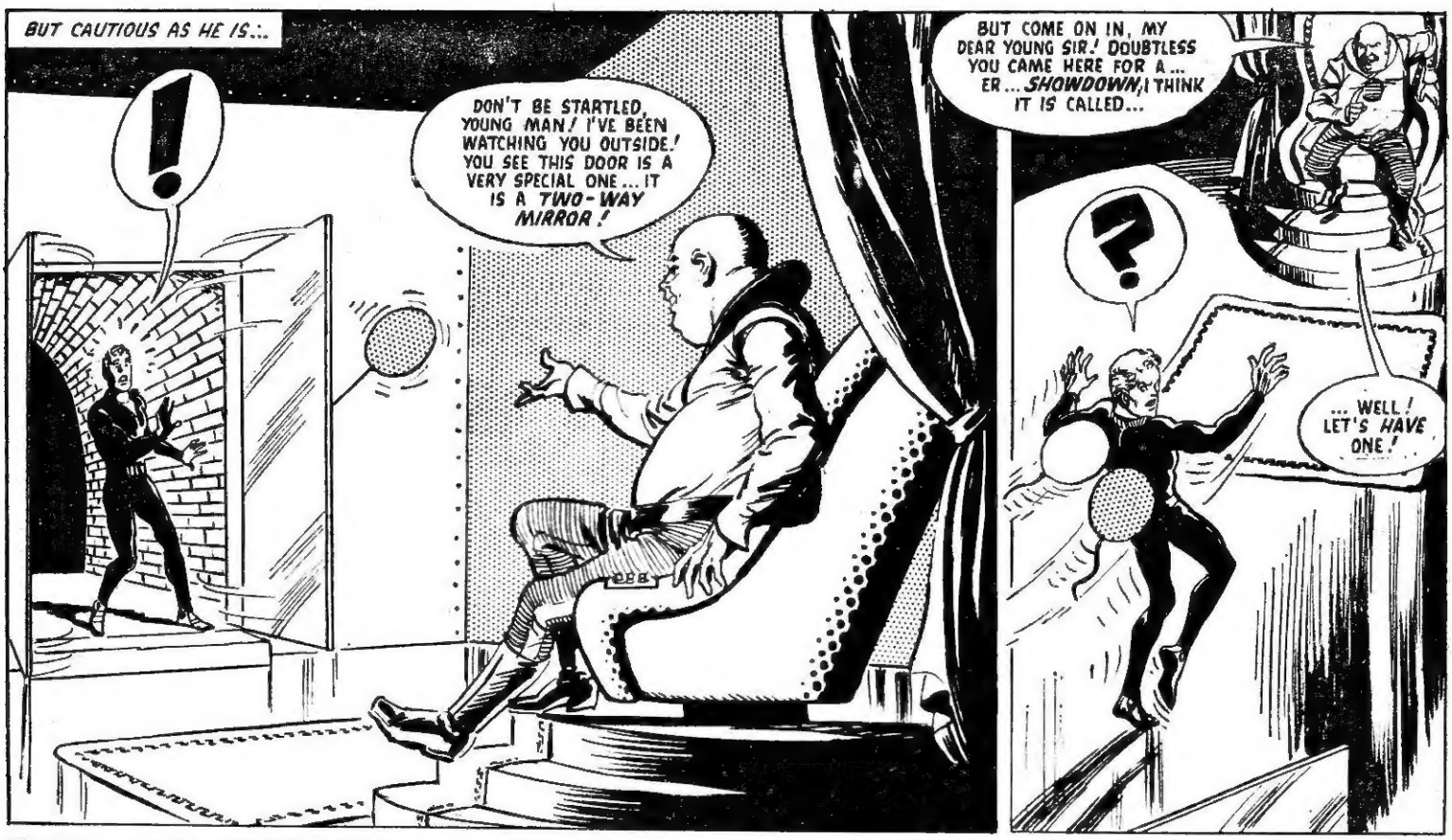
PRECIOUS JEWELS ENTRUSTED TO THE CARE OF RESOLUTE RUBBERMAN HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY THE WEIRD AND WINDY ACCOMPLICES (BALLOONS, NO LESS!) OF A CAPRICIOUS CHARACTER CALLED THE BALLOON MAN. RUBBERMAN TRACKS HIS QUARRY TO AN UNDERGROUND LAIR...










BUT CAUTIOUS AS HE IS...
!
DON'T BE STARTLED, YOUNG MAN! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU OUTSIDE! YOU SEE THIS DOOR IS A VERY SPECIAL ONE... IT IS A TWO-WAY MIRROR!
BUT COME ON IN, MY DEAR YOUNG SIR! DOUBTLESS YOU CAME HERE FOR A... ER... SHOWDOWN, I THINK IT IS CALLED...
?
... WELL! LET'S HAVE ONE!

YOU MEAN A SHOWDOWN JUST BETWEEN ME... AND YOU... PLUS A COUPLE OF HUNDRED OR SO GASSY GIZMOS...!
I TAKE IT THAT VULGAR PHRASEOLOGY REFERS TO MY BALLOONS! OH, I DON'T NEED THEM TO DO, AS THE EXPRESSION GOES—ALL MY DIRTY WORK!

THE BALLOON MAN HAS PRESSED A CONTROL BUTTON...
YOU SEE?! I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NOTHING... ER... AIRY ABOUT THE PROJECTILE IN THIS LITTLE GADGET!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! OH, NO! YOU SEE WHEN THIS PROJECTILE HITS ITS TARGET... YOU!... THERE WILL BE BITS AND PIECES ALL OVER THE PLACE...

HUUUHHHH? WHAT THE DICKENS... ???
... AND SO, AS I LIKE TO KEEP MY LITTLE HOME NEAT AND TIDY...

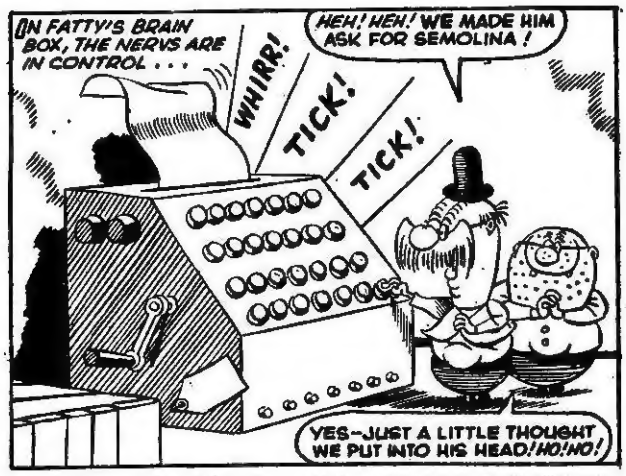
WE'LL JUST SEAL YOU UP A BIT FIRST...
THAT WASN'T A CARPET ON THE FLOOR! IT WAS ANOTHER OF HIS BALLOONS!

MY BALLOON WILL AUTOMATICALLY SEAL ITSELF ONCE THE PROJECTILE HAS PASSED THROUGH ITS SKIN...
...BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN HARDLY PROMISE THE SAME THING ... FOR YOU!
THIS IS THE STORY WHERE YOU EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED! BUT IT'S HERE— SAME PLACE, SAME TIME, NEXT WEEK!

THE NERVS

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME NICE JAM TARTS FOR AFTERS TODAY?
NO THANKS, MUM —JUST HALF A GALLON OF SEMOLINA!

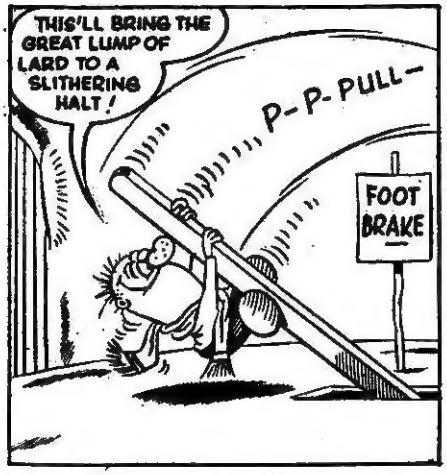
HEY! WHAT AM I SAYING? I HATE SEMOLINA!


IN FATTY'S BRAIN BOX, THE NERVS ARE IN CONTROL . . .
WHIRR!
TICK!
TICK!
HEH! HEH! WE MADE HIM ASK FOR SEMOLINA!
YES—JUST A LITTLE THOUGHT WE PUT INTO HIS HEAD! HO! HO!

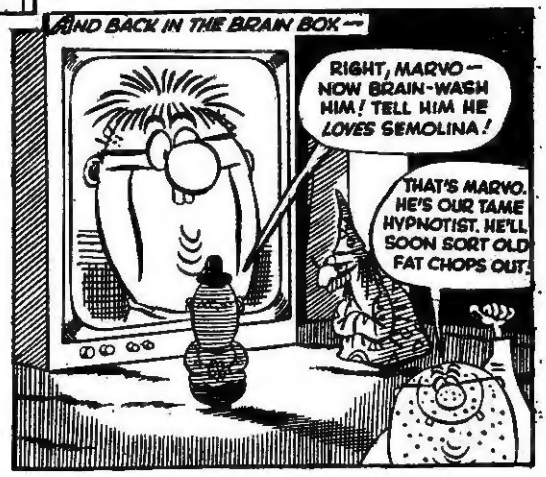
GRRR! I DON'T WANT SEMOLINA! I'LL TELL MUM I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

HELP! HE'S REBELLING! HE'S NOT LISTENING TO US!
THE FAT IDIOT HAS MUTINIED! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM — AND QUICK!

DOWN IN FATTY'S FOOT DEPARTMENT—
THE BRAIN NERVS ARE ON THE PHONE! THEY WANT US TO STOP FATTY— HE'S REBELLING!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, FRED!

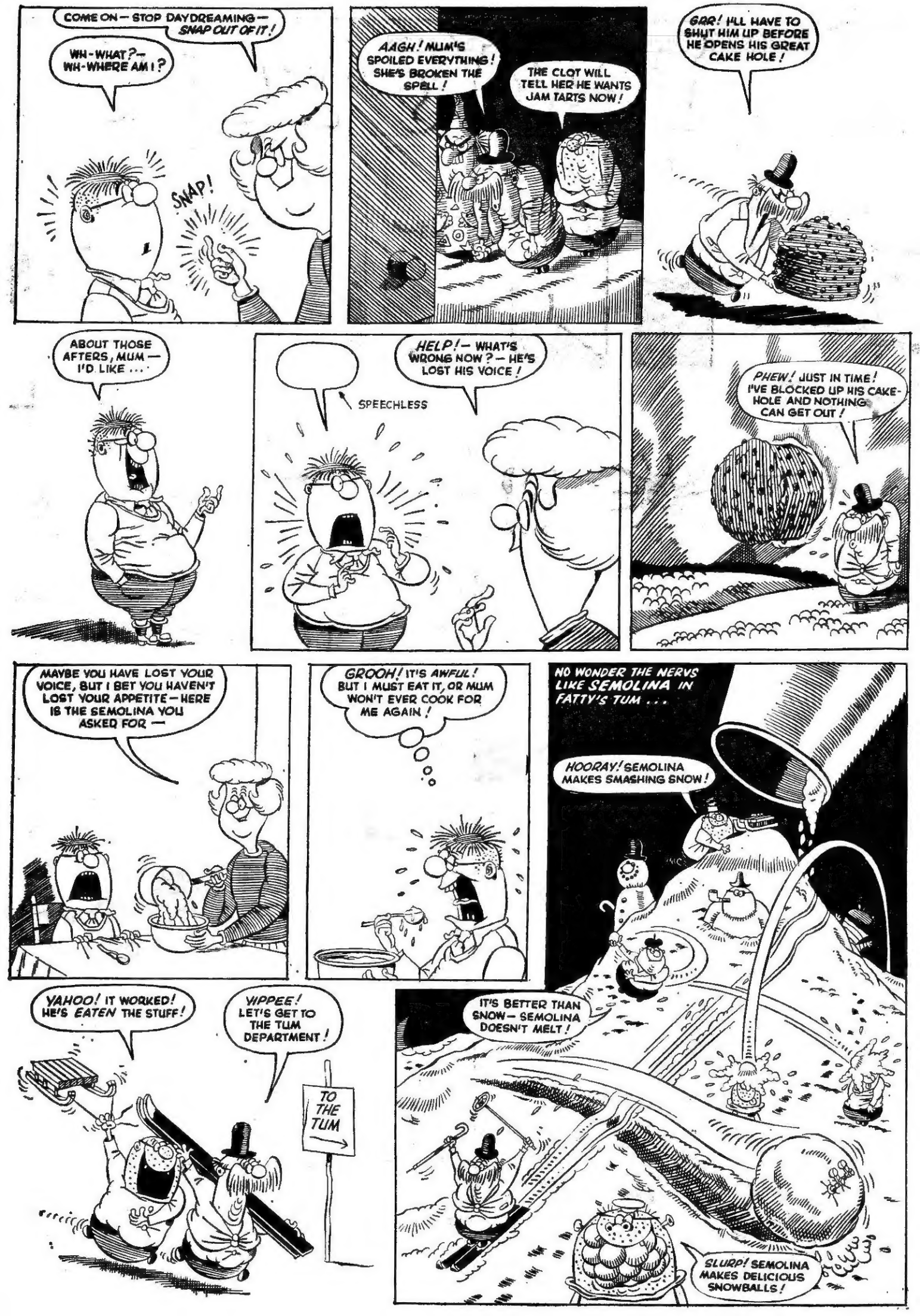

THIS'LL BRING THE GREAT LUMP OF LARD TO A SLITHERING HALT!
P-P-PULL—
FOOT BRAKE

AAGH! MY LEGS WON'T MOVE — AND I WANT TO GET TO THE KITCHEN!
SCREECH!

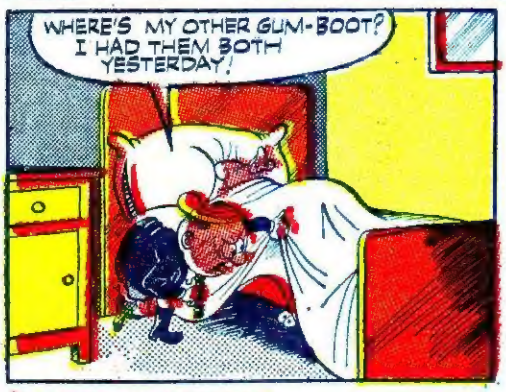

AND BACK IN THE BRAIN BOX—
RIGHT, MARVO — NOW BRAIN-WASH HIM! TELL HIM HE LOVES SEMOLINA!
THAT'S MARVO. HE'S OUR TAME HYPNOTIST. HE'LL SOON SORT OLD FAT CHOPS OUT.

YOU LOVE SEMOLINA —YOU LOVE IT! SEMOLINA MAKES YOU HEALTHY AND STRONG! REPEAT AFTER ME, 'SEMOLINA MAKES ME . . .'

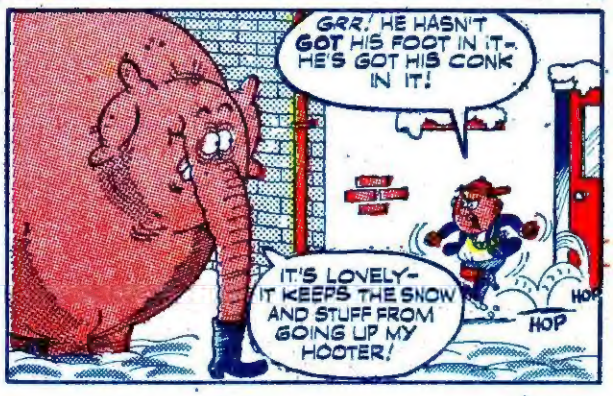
'SEMOLINA MAKES ME HEALTHY AND STRONG!'
SUFFERING SEMOLINA! WHAT'S HE TALKING HIMSELF INTO NOW!??

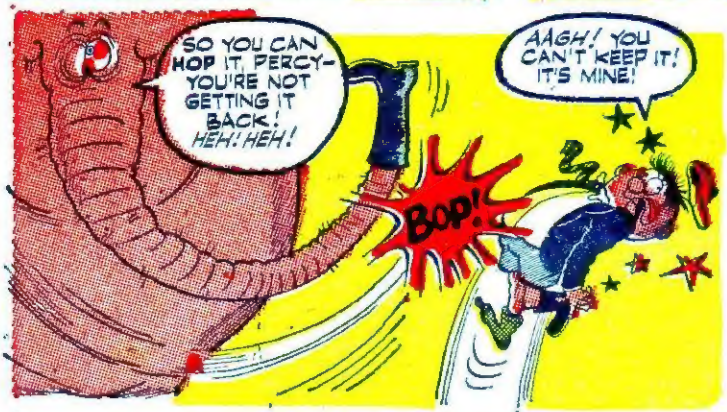

COME ON — STOP DAYDREAMING — SNAP OUT OF IT!
WH-WHAT?— WH-WHERE AM I?
SNAP!
AAGH! MUM'S SPOILED EVERYTHING! SHE'S BROKEN THE SPELL!
THE CLOT WILL TELL HER HE WANTS JAM TARTS NOW!
GRR! I'LL HAVE TO SHUT HIM UP BEFORE HE OPENS HIS GREAT CAKE HOLE!
ABOUT THOSE AFTERS, MUM — I'D LIKE ...
HELP! — WHAT'S WRONG NOW? — HE'S LOST HIS VOICE!
SPEECHLESS
PHEW! JUST IN TIME! I'VE BLOCKED UP HIS CAKE-HOLE AND NOTHING CAN GET OUT!
MAYBE YOU HAVE LOST YOUR VOICE, BUT I BET YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR APPETITE — HERE IS THE SEMOLINA YOU ASKED FOR —
GROOH! IT'S AWFUL! BUT I MUST EAT IT, OR MUM WON'T EVER COOK FOR ME AGAIN!
NO WONDER THE NERVS LIKE SEMOLINA IN FATTY'S TUM ...
HOORAY! SEMOLINA MAKES SMASHING SNOW!
YAHOO! IT WORKED! HE'S EATEN THE STUFF!
YIPPEE! LET'S GET TO THE TUM DEPARTMENT!
TO THE TUM
IT'S BETTER THAN SNOW — SEMOLINA DOESN'T MELT!
SLURP! SEMOLINA MAKES DELICIOUS SNOWBALLS!

PERCY'S PETS


WHERE'S MY OTHER GUM-BOOT? I HAD THEM BOTH YESTERDAY!

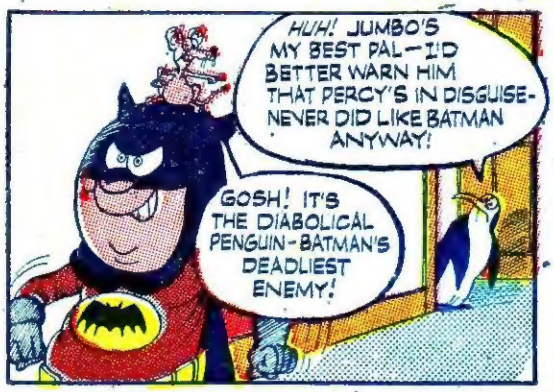
OH, NO! I BET MY PET ELEPHANT'S GOT IT!
JUMBO? BUT HE COULDN'T GET HIS FOOT IN IT!

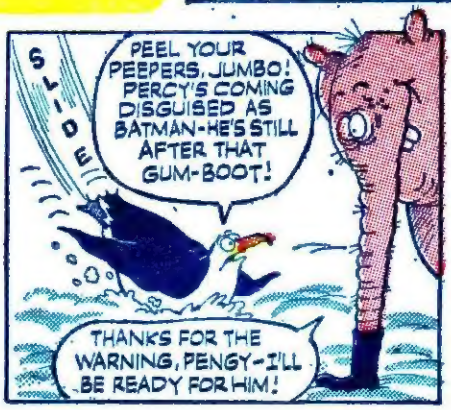

GRR! HE HASN'T GOT HIS FOOT IN IT- HE'S GOT HIS CONK IN IT!
IT'S LOVELY- IT KEEPS THE SNOW AND STUFF FROM GOING UP MY HOOTER!
HOP

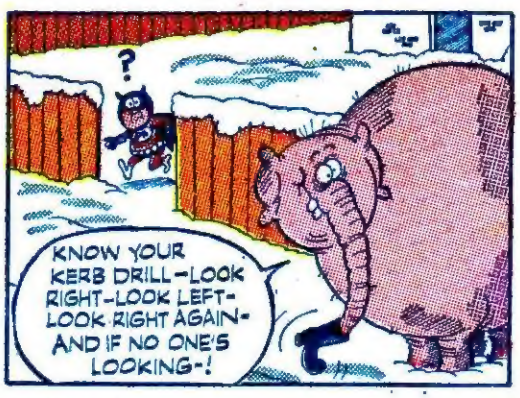

SO YOU CAN HOP IT, PERCY- YOU'RE NOT GETTING IT BACK! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! YOU CAN'T KEEP IT! IT'S MINE!
BOP!

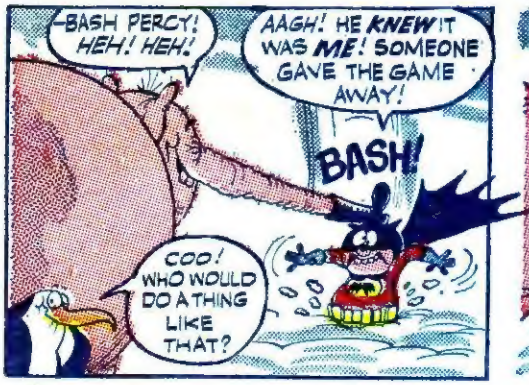
COO! COPYCAT!
IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU - YOU DON'T NEED GUM-BOOTS!

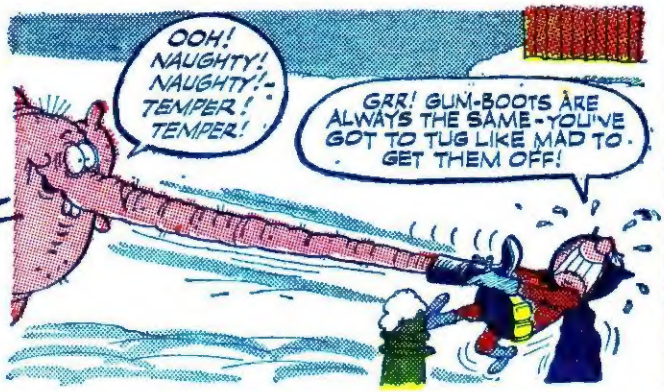
I'LL USE MY BATMAN DISGUISE, THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO SNEAK UP ON THE BIG TWERP WITHOUT HIM KNOWING IT'S ME!
HOLY SOCKS- YOU'VE GOT IT, PERCY!
BATMAN AND ROBIN

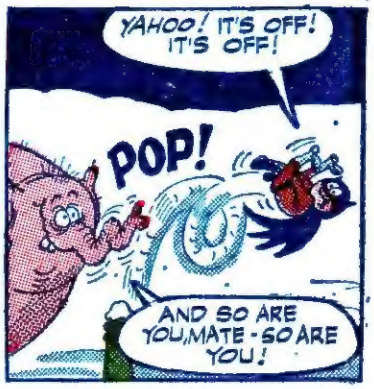

HUH! JUMBO'S MY BEST PAL - I'D BETTER WARN HIM THAT PERCY'S IN DISGUISE- NEVER DID LIKE BATMAN ANYWAY!
GOSH! IT'S THE DIABOLICAL PENGUIN - BATMAN'S DEADLIEST ENEMY!


SLIDE
PEEL YOUR PEEPERS, JUMBO! PERCY'S COMING DISGUISED AS BATMAN - HE'S STILL AFTER THAT GUM-BOOT!
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, PENGY - I'LL BE READY FOR HIM!


?
KNOW YOUR KERB DRILL - LOOK RIGHT - LOOK LEFT - LOOK RIGHT AGAIN - AND IF NO ONE'S LOOKING -!


-BASH PERCY! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! HE KNEW IT WAS ME! SOMEONE GAVE THE GAME AWAY!
BASH!
COO! WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?


OOH! NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY! - TEMPER! TEMPER!
GRR! GUM-BOOTS ARE ALWAYS THE SAME - YOU'VE GOT TO TUG LIKE MAD TO GET THEM OFF!


YAHOO! IT'S OFF! IT'S OFF!
POP!
AND SO ARE YOU, MATE - SO ARE YOU!

COR! ISN'T HE A BEAUTY? IT'S TAKEN ME ALL MORNING TO MAKE HIM, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!

AAGH! PERCY'S SMASHED IT UP - HE'S SPIFFLICATED MY SNOWMAN!
SPLUDGE!

I GOT THE GUM-BOOT BACK AGAIN - PERCY WON'T NEED IT FOR A FEW DAYS NOW!

THAT LAD SPIFFLICATED HIM! HO! HO!
HERE YOU ARE, PERCY - HAVE SOME GRAPES!